The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XII NO. 3 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1935 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

JONATHAN DANIELS

Free News for a Free Press

ALLAN NEVINS

Reviews "Young Renny" by Mazo de la Roche

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

Notes on New Words

ROBINSON JEFFERS

The Cruel Falcon

E. B. WHITE

Reviews "Scenes from the Mesozoic" by Clarence Day

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

"By waiting until 1940 she would have had room to bring the chronicle down to another instalment. But a successful author cannot wait until 1940. She has therefore turned back to 1906 . . . It is a daring device" . . . . (*See page 5*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRY HANSEN says: "*A rich story of American life!*"

HERSCHELL BRICKELL says: "*An American tapestry!*"

MARY ROSS says: "*Wherever read it will be enjoyed.*"

But . . . *not* only metropolitan critics are acclaiming

Gladys Hasty Carroll's

A FEW FOOLISH ONES

FROM city, town and hamlet throughout the land, wherever there is one reader or a group appreciative of fine, sane, realistic fiction, there has arisen such praise as:—

"Vivid and haunting panorama."
—*Boston Herald*

"A magnificent performance."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"Places Mrs. Carroll well up the list of important American novelists."
—*Albany Knick. Press*

"Wisdom of life crystallized into epigram."
—*Savannah News*

"Possesses the flow and meaning of all universal existence."
—*Durham (N. C.) Herald-Sun*

"Certainly one of the distinguished novels of the season."
—*Chattanooga News*

"Mrs. Carroll's work has an air of authenticity as valid as that of Galsworthy or Conrad, and her style is as redolent of the earth as that of Burns. Her characters live and breathe. She has a gift for homely phase, for the vivid touch that makes her pages live.

"Above the weak and simpering productions of this bookish age 'A Few Foolish Ones' stands out like a sunflower in a field of daisies. Its pages are illuminated by pathos, humor and buoyant feeling. From the beginning, the story moves with majestic calm, orderly, penetrating, crammed with human interest."

University of Virginia, Extension Division

"Indefinable warmth; skilled characterization."
—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*

"Her prose shines and sparkles."
—*Minneapolis Star*

"Has established herself as a peer among writers of authentic American literature."
—*Topeka Capital*

"In two weeks everybody will be asking everybody else, "Have you read 'A Few Foolish Ones'?"
—*Okla. City Oklahoman*

"In our opinion, the best novel of the year."
—*Strasburg (Va.) Daily*

"To be especially commended."
—*Washington Star*

Now In Fourth Large Printing!

at all bookstores $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 FIFTH AVENUE - - - NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free News for a Free Press*

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

IN the United States of Franklin D. Roosevelt not the least interesting spectacle is the full grown union in spirit of those two old adversaries, Alfred E. Smith and Herbert Hoover. They have in addition to a common present, a common past as builders. But of the builders, Hoover was the better prophet. While Smith towered his Empire State Building, Hoover laid his Commerce Building in the new templed Washington, long and wide across the flat lands south of Pennsylvania Avenue. Smith expected tenants. But while Hoover did not, we may presume, expect Democrats, the very hugeness of the new stone city he helped plan and build does indicate that he did expect a big expanding government to fill the ornate offices where things now go on of which neither he nor Mr. Smith can approve. The inescapable fact is that the big government, for which Mr. Hoover built, is in being. This bigger government means not only that more happens in Washington but also that the American must look for the news that affects his life not in the stories from the courthouse but in those from the White House. Whether this American as citizen and newspaper reader likes it or not, the Cabinet is closer to his life than the county commissioners.

Greeley and other definers to the contrary notwithstanding, news in America is what the American wants to know. And under such a definition, news is now in Washington. He wants to know—he must know—what Washington is doing whether he be merely a man who owns a pig which may in the fulness of time produce little pigs or whether his interests are so wide that Washington was once merely a point in his empire. The front page is now more important to the business man than the market page and the White House press conference of vaster import than the closing prices on the New York stock exchange. Never before has it been so essential that straight, cleanly and intelligently written news be sent out of the capital.

Keystone

A WHITE HOUSE PRESS CONFERENCE
"Of vaster import than the closing prices"

It is not unnatural therefore that many papers which dispensed with the luxury of their own Washington correspondents in the first years of the depression have returned to the necessity of their own Washington correspondents in these new times which they may call, as their politics or emotions dictate, the recovery or the advent of the bureaucracy. At the same time, responding to the same pressure, the press associations have increased the staffs of their Washington bureaus. Thus the size of the press gallery has swiftly grown and it is no secret, though George Michael, the pseudonymous author of "Handout," who agrees with Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith, writes about it with the air of a gentleman taking a conspiracy like a venomous rabbit out of a hat, that within the government the men who prepare the news releases, answer questions, and seek to have said what the administration wants to be said have also multiplied. They may have multiplied too fast. The Department of Agriculture may have been as assiduous in the multiplication of press agents as it has been eager to halt the multiplication of little pigs. But I doubt the menace of the press agent. Some may be as big and pompous as Theodore Joslin became when Mr. Hoover lifted him from newspapering to statesmanship. But most of them, now as always, are probably, as even Mr. Michael obliquely suggests, newspapermen who would rather turn out tripe for the government at $5,000 a year than tripe for Mr. Hearst at $30 a week. Mr. Michael may be surprised at this but somehow I am not.

I believe that Mr. Michael could have found a better villain in so villainous an administration as he portrays than the poor old handout and the generally flat-footed gentry who create it. The word, "handout," describes the thing. It is news—or bold or pathetic pretense at news—that is handed out. Like most things that are given away in a greedy world, it is very often worth exactly nothing. Handouts may deal with everything from the most scantily disguised flattery of the employer of the handouter to the annual rainfall in Butte, Montana, and the infant death rate in Currituck County, North Carolina. But save when they deal with the most obvious facts or quote an official whose statements are news, all handouts are suspect or should be suspect among intelligent newspapermen. Few would think of writing a book about the fact that they did not regard handouts as truth sent down from Sinai. But Mr. Michael is surprised and shocked or at least he would have us surprised and shocked because handouts, presented to the press by these puffers of the officials who hire them, consistently undertake to make everything look nice for the officials and their policies. Where, one wonders, has Mr. Michael newspapered in this

(Continued on next page)

* *HANDOUT. By George Michael. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1935. $2.

Next Week

PARETO'S "THE MIND AND SOCIETY"
Reviewed in articles by
LAWRENCE J. HENDERSON
ARTHUR LIVINGSTON
BENEDETTO CROCE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keystone

CHARLES MICHELSON
"David of the Democrats"

world that he has found the subordinates and publicity men of officials or governments devoting themselves to issuing information as a pure science in the service of ultimate truth? From the constable, who acts as his own "specialist in information" in giving something more than trivial proportions to his descent upon a crap game in an abandoned brick yard, to the President of the United States, acting through Steve Early or Marvin McIntyre, men, or their agents, may be generally expected freely to hand out news about themselves that will please rather than pain. Certainly the man would be biting the dog, not to speak of himself, if he did anything else. That would be worth a book.

There might be a book, too, in the battle of the handout. For there always is and always should be such a battle. Public safety in our democracy depends upon the truth that lies somewhere between pointing with pride and viewing with alarm. While always those politicians in office are blessed with the possession of the chief news sources from which handouts flow, those politicians who are out of power may be expected to miss no opportunity of getting all portentous forebodings about the government into the newspapers that they can. Perhaps the most dramatic aspect of the modern history of the handout in American politics was when Charles Michelson, little press agent David of the Democrats, made more news with his typewriter and his mimeograph than all the laboring press agents in the harassed and retreating army of the Hoover administration. The Republican—the anti-Roosevelt—problem now is to play little David to a new Goliath. But one thing is certain: Michael is not the man to play Michelson's harp.

The truth is that if menace lies in our democracy in the mimeographed handout, it comes, not from those naturally biased bestowers of news about themselves or their chiefs or their departments, but from lazy or unintelligent newspaper men, or those in a hurry to get to a bridge game, who use the canned stuff "as is" with either complete carelessness or beautiful naiveté. Indeed some of the newspapers which have talked loudest about the freedom of the press in Washington and elsewhere in recent months aided in erecting any danger that may loom in the handout by discovering that they could get eager-eyed boys just out of college to conduct the search for truth for much less than they would have to pay experienced men. These young men and their employers should be always on their knees thanking God for handouts in the more and more complicated business of government. Handouts are something if not everything and employers, who hire messenger boys rather than pay an experienced man's wage in the doing of a difficult job, may expect only messenger boy service from the press agents to the papers.

Certainly in our time and world, when the Max Amanns of Germany and elsewhere have frankly substituted for press freedom the new "safeguarding" of the people by carefully doctoring and shaping and suppressing the news for them, there should be a steady vigilance in America in order that a central executive government of greatly enlarged powers shall not by direction or subterfuge deny the press freedom our constitution guarantees Any thoughtful consideration of possible invasions of press freedom in America which may have taken place since the Roosevelt administration began would be interesting and might be valuable. But Mr. Michael has written no such study. He has written instead a "handout" about press relations in Washington which has as its purpose the support of his obvious thesis that "what the nation really needs in order to end the depression is a return to that good, old-fashioned Americanism, that very same 'rugged individualism' now aspersed but which built this country from a few small colonies into the greatest nation the world has ever seen." Long may she wave!

Beyond his demonstration that old fashioned handouts are still handed out, and thus that the Dutch have taken Holland, Mr. Michael proceeds, more in the manner of the political orator than of the collector of facts, to make other charges, for none of which, when proof is necessary, does he offer any serious proof. Among such:

The newspapermen who cover the White House are held in a species of subjugation by the constantly dangled bait that they may get a White House job.

The radio is held in chains by the regulatory powers of the Federal Communications Commission whose members are appointed and may be removed by the President. The broadcasts of Huey Long and Father Coughlin have been "sprayed" by the deliberately improper broadcasting of other stations without protest from the commission.

The President controls the movies because his son-in-law, John Boettiger, has a job with Will Hays.

J. N. Darling (Ding), the cartoonist of the *New York Herald Tribune* and its syndicate, was bought away from drawing anti-New Deal cartoons by appointment to an $8,000 job in connection with the conservation of wild life, which has long been Darling's hobby.

And by way of blowing off the lid, Mr. Michael makes the startling revelation that indignant Democratic Congressmen (who have apparently been spending their lives in a political vacuum with our author) have been taught from the "coercing" White House that those who vote with the administration will have the administration's favor in the distribution of patronage to the folks back home.

Strangely enough the one innovation in the handling of news in Washington under the Roosevelt administration which seems to me as an editor to be a doubtful if not a dangerous innovation appears not to trouble at all the author of "Handout." This is the familiar device which has spread from the White House—perhaps before the White House from Albany—to every political office in America:

The correspondents file into the President's big office. The questioning and the answering proceed and then the President may say, "Now, off the record." The pencils are withdrawn from the pads. The newspapermen come into the confidence of the President. They are no longer listening for millions of readers. They are on the inside, and a man may be locked in as well as locked out.

I am perfectly aware that many of the wisest correspondents in Washington strongly defend the device. It makes it possible for officials to give reporters valuable background material which they could not give them if they knew it was going to be published. But the danger is that the reporter may be tied up by his own craft's morals, by the newspaperman's stern and sometimes almost sentimental code that a confidence must be kept. But a press need not be bound with chains hung with swastikas; it is possible to bind it with ribbons and smiles and confidences.

Having read Mr. Michael's monograph on one of the oldest known forms of wasting paper in America by both business and government (my desk as editor is every day loaded), I am more interested in him than in his book. I am frankly not impressed by his book. If the facts in it were accurate it would still be in general more ridiculous than alarming. But the

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XII, No. 3, May 18, 1935. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"facts" lack conviction. To fatten his list of press agents on the payroll he has put down practically every one in Washington who was ever connected with a paper or a magazine as one of those who he would have us believe are busily misguiding the American press, whether they be assistant postmaster generals or commissioners of territories or other important officials. I am surprised that he did not list the President himself as a former reporter on the Harvard Crimson. And one woman (there are women in this devilish business, too) whom he credits to the paper I work for was wholly strange to my memory. But here Mr. Michael was correct. If the lady was never strictly speaking on our staff she did once send us news of bridge parties and obituaries from that Southern metropolis, Louisburg, N. C.

Finally, I don't think "George Michael" knows what he is writing about. I don't think he is—or has ever been—a member of the Washington press corps as he pretends to be. He got some handouts that anybody who has ever been in the press gallery in Washington would have flung to the trash basket with the realization that they were unimportant even if true. And he heard some tales which are certainly tall—tall, and a long way from being proved as true.

And after 242 pages we may take heart from the fact that Mr. Michael leaves us further from the destruction of a Free Press in America than when the Federalists loudly denounced Jefferson because his treasury department clerk, Philip Freneau, both drew government pay and preached sound Republican doctrine as editor of the *National Gazette*.

Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer *(North Carolina), was formerly Washington correspondent of that and other Southern newspapers.*

Two Ways of Life

THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

TO say of a novel that it has good things in it implies an adverse criticism of the novel. Well, "The Man Who Had Everything" has some good things in it, one excellent thing in fact, to which we shall refer later. The central character, Tom Ashford, is a highly successful playwright, a man young and energetic—"vitality" is the word the author most frequently uses in connection with him,—with plenty of money, a fashionable wife, two sons whom he never sees, and an acquaintance with all the latest bright people. He has arrived at this station in life as a result of a consuming ambition, which had driven him from the farm where he grew up to conquer the big city. But his roots are still on the farm, and all he gets out of high life is a nervous breakdown.

It is this conflict between natural and artificial life that provides Mr. Bromfield with his subject matter. The development takes us back, in Tom's memory, to a romantic interlude in France. At the end of the war, wounded, he had been looked after by a French girl, had fallen in love with her. This flashback is the best episode in the book—the one time when Tom comes to life. His attempt seventeen years later, after his breakdown, to recapture the peace and idyllic simplicity he had known on that farm in France is merely a matter of plot structure, for Tom is no longer a character, and the end of the book is bathos.

It would not be worth while to go into this in detail, except for the fact that the subject—the conflict of the farm and the city as ways of life—is one which has run implicitly through a good deal of Mr. Bromfield's best work. The present novel seems a curious mixture: on the one hand an attempt at a short, lyric novel; on the other hand a pure pot boiler. The author focusses the conflict in the character of Tom, and then doesn't provide any character, only the memory of a young man who was alive in the flashback, but who is merely a system of conventions and labels in the contemporary part of the story. Tom is a story-book "successful playwright"; if he had been a "successful novelist," one might easily imagine him turning out books like "The Man Who Had Everything." From Mr. Bromfield, however, we are justified in expecting much better novels than this one.

Disraeli

LOUIS BROMFIELD LUNCHES AT THE ALGONQUIN

With Richard E. Berlin (left), General Manager of the Hearst Magazine Interests

Whiteoaks in 1906

YOUNG RENNY (JALNA 1906). *By Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is enough to say of this book that it is another Jalna story. Miss de la Roche in four deservedly successful books has already told the story of the picturesque Whiteoak family, on its ample estate near Toronto, from post-war days to the present time. By waiting until 1940 she would have had room to bring the chronicle down to another instalment. But a successful author cannot wait until 1940. She has therefore turned back to 1906, and presents the Whiteoaks in an earlier incarnation. Young Renny, the hero, is twenty, instead of forty; Philip, his father, is still alive; Gran is eighty instead of a hundred. Canada is thinking about Laurier and not about Mackenzie King, and the world is lapped in peace and prosperity instead of tossing in the wake of the most fearful war in history. But human nature, and especially the impetuous, unconventional Whiteoak nature, was much in 1906 what it was in 1926, and the tale here told is turbulent and exciting.

It is a daring device for an author to turn back the clock in this way. But Miss de la Roche justifies it—if we assume that she has but this one Whiteoak string and must continue to play upon it. Her story is as good as the earlier tales. There is a little less reliance upon humorous and incisive characterization, and a little more reliance upon dramatic incident. There is a little less freshness, and, as we should expect, a little more practised expertness of touch. But on the whole it may be summed up as simply more of the same. For lovers of the Whiteoak family, that will be enough. As for those who hoped that Miss de la Roche would find a new vein to exploit, their numbers have grown fewer as this chronicle has drawn itself out.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frontiers of Modern Science

NEW PATHWAYS IN SCIENCE. By Sir Arthur Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $3.

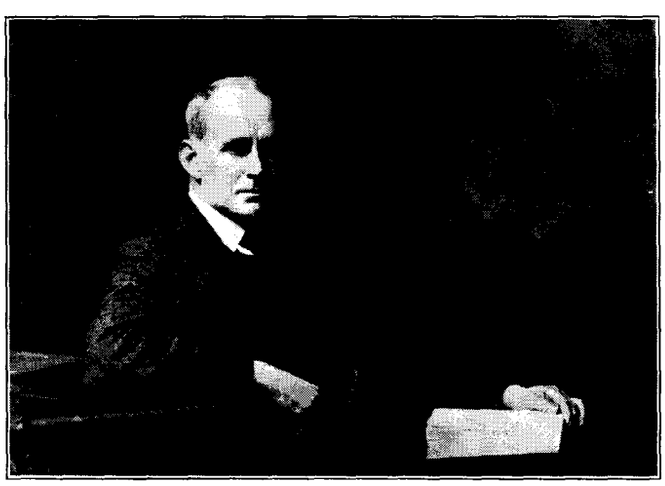
Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP

THIS latest book by Sir Arthur Eddington contains many new items of interest. A more complete account of its author's conception of the relation of mind to nature is given than he has set forth before. The thesis is developed that the realm of ethical and religious values is independent of the world of empirical science and much more immediately present. An answer is made to his critics. Interesting indications of the way in which the theory of the structure of the atom illuminates the theory of the behavior of the stars are added. The second law of thermo-dynamics and the theory of the expanding universe are considered again in their bearing upon the structure and fate of the universe as a whole. A chapter on Sir Arthur's more recent investigations into the numerical constants of the cosmos is included.

It is hardly necessary to add that these subjects are treated in a brilliant and stimulating way. Sir Arthur has notable mathematical skill and a wide, penetrating, and intimate knowledge of the findings of experimental physics. But what distinguishes him as a scientist is a remarkable imagination which he is not afraid to use. He appreciates the importance of the theoretical as well as the experimental approach to science and realizes that without the construction of new and unexpected theoretical possibilities in terms of which to order and express the findings of empirical investigators, science stagnates. What is needed in physics at present, he sees, is a new theoretical standpoint, bringing relativity theory and quantum theory together. Certainly science gets such shockingly unorthodox theory with a vengeance in Sir Arthur's numerological investigations of the constants of nature.

This is science, imaginative and adventurous. Unfortunately Sir Arthur's philosophical reflections are of exactly the opposite character. His account of the derivation of scientific knowledge is in terms of a purely spiritual mental substance located at one end of a nerve, where it reads a cryptogram from which it tries to infer the world of natural science at the other end of the nerve. This is reminiscent of the early seventeenth century philosophy of Descartes. In this spiritual substance at the end of the nerve is a story teller who makes up the items of the cryptogram into a tale which is our common sense account of the world. Science has learned to distrust this story teller, Sir Arthur informs us. But the traditional common-sense notions of selves and values are given immediately and quite independent of the story teller's or the scientist's account of the physical universe. This rigid distinction between the world of nature and the world of values brings to mind the philosophy of Kant.

To be sure, one could do much worse than accept the philosophy of Descartes or of Kant. But is it not rather strange, at a time when science is moving forward beyond the ideas of even Einstein and Planck, that philosophy should be stagnating in the conceptions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? This is the more remarkable when we remember that what called forth the philosophy of Descartes and Kant was the physics of Galileo and Newton which the scientific discoveries of Eddington and his colleagues have pretty completely outmoded.



SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON

Sir Arthur's remarks on philosophy raise another query. He tells us that the story teller within each of us cannot be trusted in his common-sense account of tables and chairs and human bodies, yet Sir Arthur trusts him completely in his common-sense tale of disembodied selves and values and religion. Is this not rather unusual behavior? Ordinarily when we find a man a consistent deceiver upon one subject we become critical of his statements upon any other. If the story teller misleads with reference to such obvious factors as my hands and body how can I be so sure that he expresses the truth when he talks about my mind or about such elusive matters as ethics and religion?

Sir Arthur suggests, in so far as he gives any answer to this question, that purely mental substances, and the objects of ethical and religious judgments, are immediately given and are not in the position of inferences from immediate experience. But even in terms of Sir Arthur's own account of the factors in the knowing process this can hardly be maintained. Certainly the spiritual self at the end of the nerve is no more directly perceived than the nerve. This entire system, nerve and spiritual self alike, is a conceived, not an immediately perceived, system. The one is as much an inference from immediate experience as the other. As Professor Weyl has written in his book "The Open World," from which Sir Arthur quotes with approval, "It was a mistake of idealism to assume that the phenomena of consciousness guarantee the reality of the ego in an essentially different and somehow more certain manner than the reality of the external world."

To suppose, therefore, as Sir Arthur does, that our philosophy can remain that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries while our science passes on to the revolutionary conceptions of the twentieth century, is to exhibit originality and imaginative capacity which is as marked for its absence in his philosophical reflections as it is notable for its presence in his scientific conclusions.

Even so, "New Pathways in Science" is thoroughly worth reading. It takes one up to the frontier of scientific advance. It treats of the most important accomplishments of our time. It exhibits an unusual appreciation of the theoretical and logical, as well as of the experimental and empirical, side of scientific method. It makes us aware of the philosophical construction which must build upon these new scientific materials. And even in philosophy proper it reveals the presence and significance of problems which traditional scientists have been prone to ignore or overlook.

May I urge the reader not to miss at least the beginning of Chapter XII on the theory of groups? Any person who can show how the modern conceptions of logical form exhibit themselves in pure mathematics and in Dirac's applied wave mechanics in the delightful yet penetrating manner of this chapter is not only an intelligent mathematical physicist and a highly expert writer, but also a real human being with a healthy sense of humor.

F. S. C. Northrop is professor of philosophy and fellow of Trumbull College at Yale University. He is the author, among other publications, of "Science and First Principles." Readers of The Saturday Review *will remember his recent essay on "Newton and the Modern Age."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford Madox Ford's Satirical Romance

LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES. By Ford Madox Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

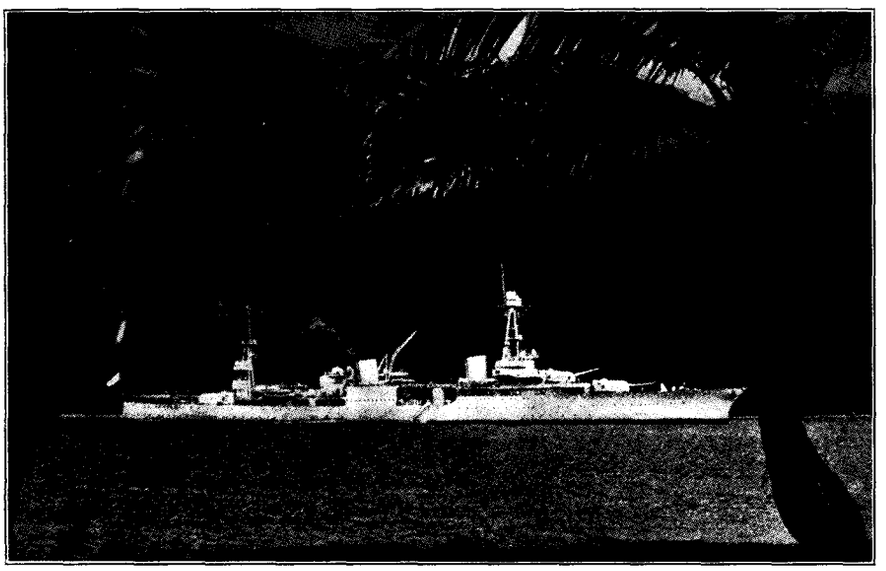
IT is no doubt generally true that a book ought to be one thing or another; but sometimes an author of highly individual talent will give us a book which has in it parts of this and parts of that, and yet which no one would wish more uniform. "The Cabala" was such a book; and such another is "Ladies whose Bright Eyes," which was published in England in 1919, but for which we have been unaccountably kept waiting until now in this country. It is in part a satire on the Middle Ages, in the manner of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"; much more, it is a satire on satires like "A Connecticut Yankee"; most of all it is a straightforward and stirring romance of the fourteenth century and the twentieth.

Its hero, William Sorrell, the chief power in a publishing house that thrives on rehashed classics and ghost-written memoirs, is a man who prides himself on his efficiency and modernity, and who cherishes a pet day-dream of returning to the Middle Ages and dominating the world and all history—"have a fleet of aeroplanes over France in no time." Circumstances cause him to be carrying a golden cross, a genuine relic of the Crusades, at a time when he is in a railroad wreck, and as the reader anticipates he is thrown back into the body of the pilgrim who possessed the cross, and into the year of Our Lord 1326—which, when he comes to think it over, means remarkably little to Mr. Sorrell in terms of history. What, he wonders, was going on in 1326? He soon discovers that, having lived on other men's brains, he has no idea how to construct any modern invention. He might make a stab at gunpowder but how does one get saltpeter?

On the other hand, Mr. Sorrell learns about the Middle Ages—or at least, about the year 1326; and he finds there is much to be said for them. Mark Twain had one inestimable advantage in satirizing the Middle Ages, and that was a practically untouched ignorance of them, which allowed him to take any customs from those of the monks of the Thebaid on and lump them all together. But Mr. Ford (to mention a matter of common knowledge) does know about his chosen part of the Middle Ages. You may learn, with Mr. Sorrell, exactly how a tournament was run and where the skill came in and how the politics of England went on; and (to answer the one question of universal modern interest) how frequently the people bathed.

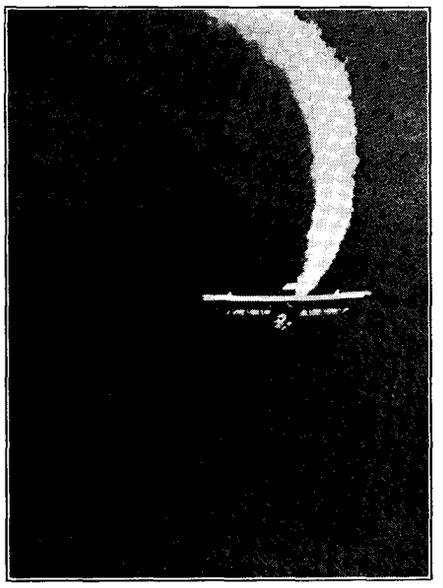
But a knowledge of the Middle Ages, though it has generally proved a disqualification for hating them, does not prevent one from making fun of them, and Mr. Ford does so. There are dialogues in which the fourteenth century and Mr. Sorrell contrive to put each other in the wrong, under the light of wit that illuminates them both. Then, as one settles down to laugh at a singular fantasia ridiculing both sides, the spell of chivalry is too much for Mr. Ford, and the book becomes a romance, and an excellent one.

This involves some inconsistency in the central figure; but, as was said at the beginning, one would not have it different. The inconsistency is only that of Mr. Pickwick, who begins as a butt and ends as a rescuer of the oppressed; or that of Don Quixote, who begins as a figure of fun and ends as a great knight. But Sorrell is happier than Don Quixote, for he begins by finding chivalry false and ends by finding it true; and the epilogue, in which he sets out to find faith and courage, speaks nobly to 1935, with the voice of 1326.



U. S. S. *CHICAGO* IN TROPICAL WATERS

Photographs on this page are from "Men and Ships of Steel"



SMOKE CURTAIN

A seaplane leaves a curving shadow

See the Navy

MEN AND SHIPS OF STEEL. By Wayne Francis Palmer. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT DISRAELI

STORIES of and pictures about ships have always had a peculiar attraction. The residue of the nomad that remains in us asserts itself joyfully under the influence of the smell and sight of seas, of ships, and of stories and pictures about them. This book is a pictorial story of our sea force, the navy, the marines, the coastguard, and the aviation units. The story opens with pictures of famous naval engagements of the past and with amusing photographs of sailors of fifty years ago. Then we see the training of the personnel. Ships are shown under construction, on shakedown cruises, and in action. The coastguard patrols beaches, rescues ships in distress, blows up icebergs. The sailor is pictured at work and at play on his boat and on foreign strands. But despite the technical skill and scientific knowledge with which a ship is maneuvered today, the winds and the waves still retain in the ultimate end their mastery over man. And so we see pictures of destroyers dashed upon rocky shores, of bows stove in by collisions in the dark, and airplanes smashed by falls.

Some years ago I had occasion to go through the photographic files of the New York Division of the Navy Department. Though I did not examine 200,000 prints as the patient author of this book has done, the lack of good, clear, and printable photographs was perfectly astonishing. It is, therefore, with pleasant surprise to me that the majority of the two hundred and seventy-five photographs in this book are of a very fine quality. The typography and layout are of high merit.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS.....Managing Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1935, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

"The Critics Be Damned"

IN the May *Scribner's* Ernest Hemingway publishes the first instalment of his new book, "Green Hills of Africa," and with his usual disregard of convention manages to insert in the pause of a kudu hunt a meaty dissertation on American literature. "Huckleberry Finn" is the most American book, the book most directly in and behind the tradition of the most American writing, he says, and this dictum we second and applaud. "Huckleberry Finn" is not only one of the best ten books written in America, it is one of the best books written in English in the nineteenth century. Who will deny it?

But Mr. Hemingway goes on to complain that among his contemporaries at least two have been ruined by listening to the critics, and here we part company. A writer ruined by bowing to criticism is a writer who was bound to be ruined anyway, one without the seeds of success in him, and incapable of the fruition of genius. The trouble with most American writers is that they pay no attention to criticism, though entirely too much to abuse or blurbing. They recognize only two kinds of reviews: the fulsome which makes them happy, and the unfavorable which makes them sad. They want the kind of praise which will sell their books, and they are very seldom even interested in an analysis of their work which inevitably reveals faults as well as virtues.

We have often wondered why reviewers so often and so patiently address their reviews to the writers of books. Reviews should be written for readers, but half the reviewers criticize as if their audience was only the writer, a sad mistake, since if they say in the first sentence, "this book is not perfect," not all the wisdom in the world will make their counsel prevail. Of course there are impudent reviewers who tell an author what he meant to do, and ignorant or stupid reviewers who miss the point. This granted, it is nevertheless true that the best criticism going is not used, not wanted, by writers who would rather have one shot of praise than the best advice in the world.

Is it possible for good critics to give good advice to authors who, by definition, are more creative, better writers, and (usually) more important in literature than they are? The most rapid glance through the literature of criticism, even through the literature of mere reviewing, will answer that question. There is a too common belief that the critics of the past have all distinguished themselves by damning genius. Sometimes, yes. But for one error there are a dozen home runs. And the error is usually due to the prejudice of a different point of view, whereas the scores are made on mistakes and deficiencies that we all recognize now, and which usually were correctible. Shakespeare's affectations, Johnson's weakness for long words, Keats's occasional sappiness, Coleridge's flights unrestrained into the upper gases, Shelley's verbosity when revolution was his theme, Tennyson's prettiness, Poe's false erudition, Hawthorne's didacticism, Melville's borrowings from Carlyle, Stevenson's preciosity, Kipling's overemphasis, Meredith's forced brilliance, Dreiser's clog of undigested description,—one could go on and on and back and back with references for which citation could be made from contemporary critics who were never heeded. Nor are now. For Mr. Hemingway's two sad cases of great writers manqués, who listened to criticism and were silent, we could give chapter and verse for dozens of authors who seem to think that criticism—criticism of them—is either a tribute due to superior talent, or a low attack inspired by malice or envy.

There are eminent (and intelligent) exceptions to the charge here levied, and there is much testimony from the profession of authorship which does honor to the craft of letters and justice to the right-minded critic, whose job is first to estimate and then to indicate how well the author has carried out the purposes of his imagination. But this is not the way the story usually reads.

The Pulitzer Prizes

No serious cases of critical apoplexy were reported as a result of this year's Pulitzer awards in letters. The dramatic critics, it is true, underwent an attack of indigestion, but they seem to be recovering. The book critics have made no complaint. The committees this year, unlike those of last year, were appointed to recommend rather than to select the recipients of the awards; so that there has been no repetition of last year's fracas in which one of the committees protested that it had been overruled by the Advisory Board. In spite of that 1934 contretemps, the Pulitzer Prizes this year were front page news as usual; and the publishers of "Now in November," the prize-winning novel, report sales of 9,000 copies in the first two days after the prize was announced.

In short, the Pulitzer Prizes have survived the attacks made on them not only last year, but in other past years. Far from being discredited, they are once again demonstrating their power as a stimulus to the American reading public. The Pulitzer Prize for fiction is the greatest stimulus, undoubtedly, of any literary prize. Although Sinclair Lewis made history by refusing the Pulitzer award and accepting the Nobel ("What a whale of a difference," as Ogden Nash wrote at the time, "$42,000 and a few cents make"), American readers don't see it that way. Bunin and Pirandello, the two last Nobel prize-winners, have together reached only a fraction of the readers of "Lamb in His Bosom," which, but for the Pulitzer award a year ago, was headed for an obscurity that to many critics seemed its proper destination. And "Now in November" would undoubtedly do at least as well even if it didn't deserve to, which it does.

It is probably the surprise element, as much as anything, that keeps the Pulitzer Prize alive. The one consistent thing about the Pulitzer Prize has been its unpredictability. Mediocrities have been chosen, but not consistently. There has been a nice balance, in the fiction award, between giving the prize to a popular favorite ("So Big," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey") and giving it to a dark horse ("Scarlet Sister Mary," "Lamb in His Bosom," "Now in November").

In the scholarly fields, history and biography, there is supposedly some basis, some objective point of reference, for the awards. In the popular fields, fiction and the drama, there is nothing but taste and chance. Thus the annual awards in fiction and drama take on more and more—we say it without disrespect—the character of a public gambling event, the Grand National of American Letters. As such, it is an invaluable stimulant to good reading.

Ten Years Ago

In the issue of May 16, 1925, The Saturday Review recommended "Mrs. Dalloway" by Virginia Woolf. Richard Hughes, whose novel "High Wind in Jamaica" was to appear four years later, wrote in his review of "Mrs. Dalloway": *"Mrs. Woolf has, I think, a finer sense of form than any but the oldest living English novelist* [presumably this referred to Hardy, who was eighty-five at the time] . . . *This is an unusually coherent, lucid, and enthralling book."*

Today

The Saturday Review recommends these new books:

YOUNG RENNY. By Mazo de la Roche. See review on page 5.

SCENES FROM THE MESOZOIC. By Clarence Day. See review on page 11.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Confetti, Some of It Irish, Showers upon the New Format*

Spruce and Vigorous

SIR:—Congratulations and best wishes to the *Review!* It appears young and spruce and vigorous—and well-armed.

ELLEN GLASGOW.

Richmond, Va.

Improvement

SIR:—The new *Review* is fine! In almost every way (*every* way except sentimental affection for the old) it is an improvement!

C. P. ROLLINS.

New Haven, Conn.

Big Jump Ahead

SIR:—Heartiest and unqualified congratulations on the new format and general appearance of *The Saturday Review of Literature!* I thought it would be an improvement, but didn't foresee how great. I haven't had time to examine the contents—the first issue in the new form is only just at hand—but in mere *looks* it is a big jump ahead.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT.

New York City.

Decided Improvement

SIR:—I was thrilled to receive the first copy of *The Saturday Review* in its new size. I am delighted with it, and all the people in the office to whom I have shown it voted it a decided improvement over the old format. The material in this issue also seems to me of exceptional interest.

GERTRUDE B. LANE.

Woman's Home Companion
New York City.

Inviting Pages

SIR:—The new *Saturday Review* has just come. I like it. After the first surprise at seeing an old friend in a new spring jacket, it is a pleasure to turn through its small, neat, inviting pages. I find it an improvement, now that it is really new-formed, though I hadn't felt the need of a change. We all wish for it a vigorous life and a continuously widening public.

HARLAN HATCHER.

Columbus, Ohio.

No More Gymnastics

SIR:—A thousand congratulations to you for the new page size of the *S. R. L.* It arrived this morning, the first issue in the new dimensions. My first and immediate concern was to discover whether or not a reduction in page meant a reduction of departments. What a relief! They were all found intact. But there was something which I realized in those frantic moments when I was trying to locate "The Bowling Green," "The Phœnix Nest," "Trade Winds," etc. Now, for the first time, they approach me with a new quality of friendliness. No longer shall I enjoy them in spite of the feat of gymnastics which I was called upon to perform. I can now lunch amiably with the *S. R. L.* on the table beside me and still have room for the sandwich and cup of coffee. The old garments used to come away from that ordeal with buttered edges and bespotted

"YOUNG MAN, DON'T EVER BEGIN A DIARY."

pages. Now, at last, a *S. R. L.* that will sit at my left and not edge itself into the soup. Perhaps it is a trivial matter in the publishing world what pleases an individual subscriber, but as a subscriber I can say that it is a great day when your favorite publication arrives in a more friendly form and adds to the many qualities which it possesses the note of congeniality. I'm all for it in magazines and weeklies as well as in individuals.

SEWARD H. BEAN.

Detroit, Mich.

Babbitt Spirit

SIR:—In regard to the celebration of your tenth anniversary, and to your noting in the Editorial of May fourth that you had put on a "new dress"—which you hoped would be pleasing to your readers—may I write you as one who is *not* pleased. I assume your change is with the idea of both attracting new readers and of "keeping up with the Joneses." Unfortunately you are paying a big price in catering to public demand of the day—the type of public who only are guided by the "Babbitt spirit" in literature. Your "new" *Review* has the appearance of *Time,* or of *News Week.* Does everything have to be popularized, does everything have to be made more or less vulgar, or cheap, in appearance, in order to attract? Most of our periodicals—I admit—have seen fit to step down to a lower level. Your *Review had* dignity; it *had* atmosphere; it *was* presented as a review of Literature should be. *Now* you have decided to clothe it in accordance with contemporary American-magazine-style. "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" . . . alas!

In England and in France, such great Reviews as *Cornhill, Blackwood, The Fortnightly,* and *La Revue des deux Mondes* have borne their familiar covers for 100 years or more. How familiar is the salmon cover of *that* great French review, mentioned by Henry James and Lowell in their letters! Isn't it rather desirable, or shall I say pleasant, to have a few things that rest purely on their merit, and that are blessed with a great tradition? I suppose I am out of date but—nevertheless—I lodge a dying protest. Why do we have to have all this vulgarity—why let tabloids carry the torch to light the way and tell us how to dress our magazines? As to *The Saturday Review,* those whom I know, who read it, *read* it for the sake of the meat in it and not for the type of entertainment which *Time* and *News Week* offer.

H. M. LANDON.

New York City.

We Mail Them Wednesday

SIR:—One of the stubborn inconsistencies of some publishers—and the *S. R. L.* seems to be one of them—is that, with the best intentions, they cannot put themselves in the place of subscribers and realize how they feel when they see the magazine on newsstands—and the new, fine *S. R. L.* now shouts at you from newsstands—and their friends discussing the contents on Thursday and Friday, and they have to say, "Mine doesn't come until Saturday noon." Of course, some of these subscribers, like myself, go and buy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *More Confetti, Some by Western Union*

a copy Friday morning, perhaps, when they can't bear the chagrin of having simply to listen to discussions of articles in the current *S. R. L.* And then, of course, on Saturday we have two copies, and—which must be your intention—we give both of them away. You lose, however, for the persons who receive those two copies don't buy from the bookshop.

The *S. R. L.* in the new form is far, far ahead of the previous style. Newsstand and bookshop sales should trend up now, for they can't help but display that front page. I only hope that I won't have to continue paying twice for my copy. Mine'll be along tomorrow, but I've practically read it in the bookshop around the corner.

WALTER E. INGERSOLL.
New York City.

Pip

SIR:—Your new make-up is a pip. As an old-timer who remembers back to the *N. Y. Post* days, congrats.

GEORGE FRISBEE.
San Francisco, Cal.

Wow

SIR:—Your issue of May fourth in the new form is a "wow." *The Saturday Review* can reflect upon the past with pride and contemplate the future without fear.

H. H. PFIEL.
Baltimore, Md.

Unique

SIR:—There's no doubt about it—the new format lifts the *Review* right out of the Supplement class its previous form put it in—makes it an important, entirely different, unique magazine.

And actually it's easier to carry around, which is something that means a lot to me these days of taxi reading.

ROY E. LARSEN.
Time
New York City.

Impressive

SIR:—The new format of *The Saturday Review* is so impressive I hesitate to approach you, as of old!

However, it is warming to the heart of all poets to find Steve Benét's magnificent Whitman poem, and your courage and wisdom in giving it with your first new number.

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN.
Washington, D. C.

Lavender

SIR:—I was looking forward with "great expectations" to the new attire in which our beloved young lady was to appear, in this lovely month of May. The half was not imagined. Lavender and Old Lace, fluffy ruffles, with the straightforward eyes of today, were all there. "God bless you everyone." To me no other magazine of a literary character compares with our beloved *Saturday Review of Literature.*

ELLA M. WHEELOCK.
Worcester, Mass.

Reducing Diet

SIR:—I congratulate you on putting the *S. R. L.* on a reducing diet. I can now take my afternoon siesta, with the *S. R. L.* suspended in mid air while I peruse it from kiver to kiver, without fear of its lower extremities dangling in the cold cream on my relaxed countenance.

Again, congratulations!

GENE BOARDMAN HOOVER.
Kansas City, Mo.

Supplies a Need

SIR:—The new *Saturday Review* is indeed satisfying in every detail.

Your very worthy and charming journal, in its new form, with its wealth of literary information supplies a very definite need in our busy life. I feel certain many new friends and subscribers will result from this change of make-up, content, and typographical appearance. I congratulate you sincerely and enclose my subscription card.

W. S. MCKEE.
Darien, Conn.

Feel of the Sheet

SIR:—I think the new format is swell—ever so much more suited to *The Saturday Review* than the old style. Somebody has done a very smart job in changing over from the old size to the new without affecting the general feel of the sheet.

GEORGE F. HAVELL.
The Forum
New York City.

Keeps Well

SIR:—Congratulations on the new format of *S. R. L.*

From a selfish standpoint, it is much more usable to me, for I can keep the issues with significant articles (and there are many) much more easily than with the old size.

Regardless of format, *S. R. L.* is a stimulating, enjoyable magazine.

C. E. DAVIES.
New York City.

Handles Well

SIR:—I do like the new format of the *Review*—accept my congratulations. I use it (the *Review*) almost daily, and the new size is so much more satisfactory to handle. I like the front photograph (keep that up, please), and I like too the "In this issue" because you see quickly what it contains.

MARGUERITE S. HOPKINS.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

No Help Needed

SIR:—It would be delinquent to let the day pass without comment on the new and greatly improved format of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* No longer is it necessary to employ a staff of skilled laborers to turn unwieldy pages, to block the draughts that threatened to carry away the whole issue, jib, top-gallant, and main-sail. No longer must one lie flat on one's stomach to read, with the *S. R. L.* spread out like a drying sheet. Here, after ten years, is a *Review* in civilized dress. . . .

The Saturday Review editors will not retire wealthy on the strength of their newsstand sale in Bergen County. I speak with authority, for I have recently completed a thorough, very tiresome investigation. One copy of the *Review* is sold here—I buy it. I find this neglect extremely difficult to understand, and can attribute it only to general ignorance of the journal's excellence.

WILLIAM A. KRAUSS.
Hackensack, N. J.

Spring Costume

SIR:—I congratulate all of you on the new format and the Spring costume—even more on retaining the same features.

JOSEPH JASTROW.
New York City.

A Woman Likes Change

SIR:—Congratulations! The new skin is charming. Being a woman I like change, and this one is delightful. Also the paper is good and the print very readable.

JEAN E. JACKSON.
Toronto, Canada.

Soul (?)

SIR:—The new format of the *S. R. L.* is fine. I've had to familiarize myself with it, so even now I'm not quite certain whether I like it better than the old format. One of my first impressions was that you were conforming to other magazines as to size, but that, I believe, is only the natural reaction against any change in an old friend.

The paper is much better than that in other magazines, being without the shine which makes it harder to read. And the type is excellent, too. I'm very much afraid that I can't find a thing wrong with it. Though the outside and external characteristics are changed, the soul (?) is the same, as you say, and as long as it is, I have no adverse criticism.

E. A. LUENING.
Louisville, Ky.

Admirable

NEW FORMAT AND ALL ITS CONTENTS MOST ADMIRABLE. HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU ALL.

T W LAMONT
New York City.

Definite Place

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON THE NEW FORMAT OF THE REVIEW I THINK THERE IS A DEFINITE PLACE FOR A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE WHICH IS BOTH ATTRACTIVE TO READ AND TO HOLD MUCH SUCCESS TO YOU.

CHARLES G NORRIS
Palo Alto, Cal.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quatrains of Early Morning

SCENES FROM THE MESOZOIC. By Clarence Day. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by E. B. WHITE

VAPORS rise in a thin steady stream from Clarence Day's mind, curling upward till they meet a down-draft and settle in some monstrous shape on a piece of paper by his bedside. While the rest of us sleep, Mr. Day stews in his messes and finally delivers himself of a quatrain at half past four in the morning. The hideous afterbirth is a picture, lightly pencilled, vaguely illustrative of the poem. The most recent of these fascinating emanations are collected in a book called "Scenes from the Mesozoic"—amorphous, evil, disturbing. They are the product of as wicked and lovable a talent as one is likely to run across in the bookshops.

In 1928 Mr. Day brought out a volume of his drawings and verses called "Thoughts Without Words." It was, and is, a strange book, containing an assortment of volatile matters—a memorable fragment of the decade. In it one encountered rare doings: the resurrection of Mrs. Eliza Bainwick Kelly, a side view of Original Sin, a New England professor guarding the glory that was Greece, an old librarian being separated from his books by the King of Worms, and a couple of under-exposed snapshots of God.

"Scenes from the Mesozoic," much of which has already appeared in *The New Yorker*, the *Saturday Review*, and other magazines, is a sort of sequel to "Thoughts Without Words." It dips into the age of the great beasts, and discovers you and your mate, up to your knees in slime, astonishing the skies with your noisy trouble. The author has always been preoccupied with anthropological affairs, and it is a matter of intense and living interest to him that Man, by some unaccountable accident, is descended from the simians, rather than—as might well have happened—from the Great Cats, or the lizards.

Mr. Day is fascinated by germinal things:

> Oh who that ever lived and loved
> Can look upon an egg unmoved?

he once wrote.

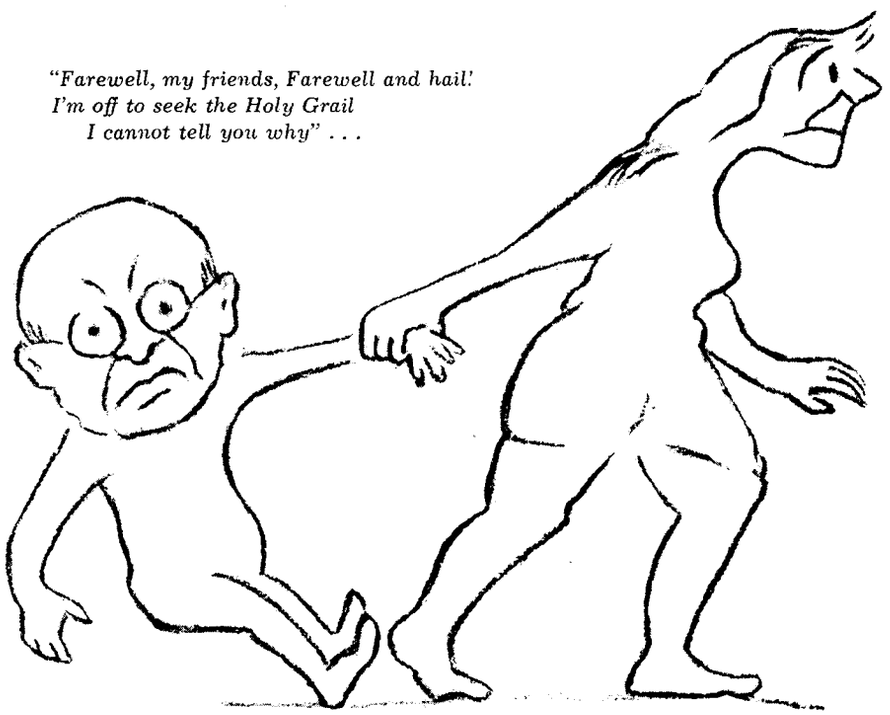
In his new book one find the egg-shaped beginnings of many creatures, and zoölogical sports. He is faithful to Natural History in his fashion. He draws abortive animals and men, and they become the dreadful symbols of abstract qualities and human difficulties. On page 65 you find Middle Age. On page 66 Fidelity. On page 74 Rhythm. On page 76 Cynicism. Time, to Clarence Day, is virtually non-existent; early slime is coeval with today's gum wrappers. Likewise, he finds very little difference between a Saurian and a housepainter, but recognizes a great gulf between a female anything and a male anything. Like most male artists, Mr. Day comforts himself with the bitter assumption that his sex might get somewhere if it weren't for the Female. He is unusually ruthless and merry about this. When, on page 78, you discover Discipline holding back a Rover, it doesn't surprise you that Discipline is a woman. Evil (P. 61) is also a woman—not the Evil that Satan knew, but the *real* Evil, "darker, older, colder." Men, in Mesozoic times, were eager to love and part. But, writes Mr. Day—

> . . . surly, surly, late and early,
> Was the female heart.

It is unfortunate that the drawings and verses are not more intelligently presented in this new book. The type is about what you might expect on a Christmas card, and the reproductions have apparently been fussed with till they have lost the grey, wispy, ectoplasmic quality which characterizes the Day originals. But those are minor mechanical defects: artistically this is a rare and fiery book. Who can bid farewell to the author on the last page without wincing? He pictures himself, a frog-eyed amiable little man, dragged off by the hand to seek the Holy Grail, he knows not why.

E. B. White, contributing editor of The New Yorker, *is the author of a book of verse, "The Lady is Cold," and collaborated with James Thurber in writing "Is Sex Necessary?"*

"Farewell, my friends, Farewell and hail!
I'm off to seek the Holy Grail
I cannot tell you why" . . .



FROM CLARENCE DAY'S "SCENES FROM THE MESOZOIC"

Double Struggle

SECOND HOEING. By Hope Williams Sykes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

THE Colorado beet country which forms the background of this book would seem the barest soil from which a novelist ever tried to extract a story. Yet Miss Sykes gives us a novel that is rich and satisfying, composed of the sheer essential reality of human nature. She shows us the eternally absorbing picture of human beings engaged in a double struggle—the inner struggle with their own passions and discouragements, the outer one with stubborn, brutal realities.

Our interest is first stirred when we learn that the Schreismillers, a swarming family who are discovered in the act of moving from a tar-paper shack in Shagtown to a farm in the beet-country where they will be "renters," are German-Russians, immigrants from a colony of Germans who had lived in Russia since the reign of Catherine the Great. Miss Sykes has an encyclopedic knowledge of these people—she knows to the last detail how their minds work, what they wear, what they eat, what their marriage and funeral customs are. We are soon held by the vividness of the picture she draws and in a little while we find ourselves caring really intensely what become of them all. Especially do we come to care for Hannah Schreismiller, the heroine. Miss Sykes has most delicately and truthfully unfolded Hannah's heart. There would be no fault to find in her story if the young man whom Hannah loves remained a consistently portrayed character. That he turns out better than he would ever have done in life, and that the end of the book is a little crowded and hurried, are flaws in a fine novel.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lord David Cecil on the Victorians

EARLY VICTORIAN NOVELISTS. By David Cecil. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

LORD DAVID CECIL starts with an ardent admiration for the Victorian novelists, but it is a considered admiration that does not blink any of their faults. In the introductory essay, "As They Look to the Reader," he enumerates many excellent reasons for our leaving them unread. "There is hardly a book of Dickens," as he truly remarks, "which is not deformed by false sentiment, flashy melodrama, wooden characters; as often as not the hero is one of them; Thackeray's novels are not much better; while whole passages of Charlotte Brontë could be incorporated without any effect of incongruity of style or sentiment in any penny novelette about pure maidens and purple passions." He is willing to admit the limitations of the Victorian novelists as well as their actual faults. There is so much of life, the animal as well as the spiritual side of human nature, that they ignore. Apparently they knew nothing about sex. They can never depict an intellectual or an artist. "As a result they hardly ever stir those profounder feelings to which the very greatest art appeals." This is a formidable indictment and yet Lord David Cecil maintains that to reread these old novels is not to be disappointed.

It is difficult to generalize about writers as different as Dickens and Thackeray, the Brontës, Trollope, George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell, but Lord David Cecil finds certain qualities in them that he misses in his contemporaries. In the first place they knew how to tell a story, by which he means not that their plots were well constructed—Dickens's plots are notoriously slipshod—but that they knew how to make a story immediately and easily interesting. That is a gift which today is demanded only of the detective story writer. The ability to write breathless narrative has become a lowbrow virtue.

LORD DAVID CECIL

Secondly, the Victorian novelist has a much wider range of mood than any modern. Specialization has invaded the realm of fiction as it has everything else. Dickens's novels are like the old medical prescriptions that shot at everything in the hope of hitting something. If you did not like the humor there was pathos or melodrama waiting in the next chapter.

Thirdly, the author maintains that his novelists possessed a richer vein of creative imagination than any of their successors. "Jane Eyre," "Barchester Towers," "Middlemarch," and "Wuthering Heights," have an independent vitality of their own. These books, so he argues, owe something to the subject and more to the personality of the creator, but they differ from and are independent of either. The expression of creative imagination lies in the setting as well as in the characters. But it is in the characters even more than in the setting that the miracle of creation is most immediately apparent.

Having stated his reasons for still enjoying the novels that so delighted his ancestors, Lord David Cecil proceeds to examine each of his chosen novelists in turn. He does not concern himself with the personality of the author nor does he attempt to build up the social and historical background of the Victorian novel. We are not asked to consider the importance of Charlotte Brontë's affection for M. Héger or of Dickens's treatment of his wife. The author aims only to illuminate those esthetic aspects of their novels which can still make them a living delight to readers. If there is such a thing as pure criticism, and as long as we have pure poetry why not pure criticism, it has been achieved in these essays. If any one thinks that a critic cannot be astute unless he plunges into psychoanalysis, or that he cannot be lively without indulging in biography, let him read the essay on Emily Brontë. Here we see the critic at his best, discarding everything that is irrelevant and driving straight to the quality of mysticism in "Wuthering Heights" that distinguishes it from all other Victorian novels. It is at least a curious coincidence that "Wuthering Heights" is also the only novel of the period that is, as the author says, "undimmed by the dust of time."

The author of these essays does not write at the top of his voice, but he is never obvious and he is never dull. Whether he is arguing that George Eliot is the first modern novelist, which we do not believe, or comparing Anthony Trollope to Raeburn, "a shrewd vigorous delineator of strongly featured, normal men and women," which strikes us as the very essence of truth, he compels us to listen to him. More than that, in one case at least he has compelled his reader to go back to the Victorian novelists and read them again under the spell of his criticism.

ELSIE DE WOLFE

A Decorator's Life

AFTER ALL. By Elsie De Wolfe (Lady Mendl). New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EVERYBODY who is metropolitan knows something of Elsie De Wolfe, as does everyone who is cosmopolitan. And here comes her autobiography, got out rather sumptuously, albeit a short book, set in large type with ample margins. Also the illustrations (all except two menus) are bunched in the middle of the book on special paper. The picture of Miss De Wolfe on the jacket is delightful; and one reviewer at least found the book highly readable and of considerable interest.

Not that Miss De Wolfe writes particularly well, but she writes well enough to tell the story of an extraordinary woman with the necessary vivacity. Her narrative is frank, and often engaging. Her lists of people have a tinge of what might be termed a sort of executive snobbishness. But her account of her lifelong friendship with Elisabeth Marbury, of her stage career, of her rise to fame and fortune as the first woman interior decorator in America, is distinguished by the honest attitude she takes toward herself. She does not give herself too much credit as an actress, she weighs her gifts and her failings judiciously. She speaks of her ugliness as a child without hypersensitiveness, and contrasts it interestingly with her hatred of ugliness.

Elsie De Wolfe loved material beauty, and knew how to create it. She began with social advantages, but, also, she knew how to get on in the world. She was no critic of the social system; but she

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

felt deeply the rights of the working woman. She was always herself busy, and the creator of her own fortune.

She tells us at the end of her book how today she keeps physically fit, and how she refuses still to grow old. For her hospital services to France during the World War she received the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor. Her descriptions of what she believes to be her masterpiece in decoration, the villa at Versailles, are moving in the caressing attention she gives them. In America she lived through an age of glitter during which there was still a society not wholly based on wealth. Her book spans several eras. It has a good deal that the social historian of the future will be glad to find set down.

This is the story of a vital individual, pretending to no great virtues but quietly proud of the success of a career begun at a time when woman's place in business was dubiously regarded. The stuffed shirts and the decorous mummies never meant anything to Elsie De Wolfe. She gravitated toward people who were alive, not necessarily the "correct" people, so many of whom remind one of that Sunday parade of Masks in Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." She had friends of all kinds. She was stronger than many of those with whom she associated because she knew what it was to do a day's work, and had a respect for workers, not for drones. She records the follies of her time as well as the achievements.

Lady Mendl has a flair for anecdote. Her account of how Henry C. Frick bought part of the Wallace Collection, when in Paris, is a case in point. Women in particular will also find much shrewd advice in this book. For the mere man, even, the book is entertaining; for Miss De Wolfe was a smart woman in more senses than one, in regard to the business to which she applied herself. Yet she had the advantage of looking upon it never so much as a business as it was the source of friendships and perpetual pleasure.

TAPIS VERT AND GARDEN AT VERSAILLES
From "After All," by Elsie De Wolfe.

Notes on New Words

BY LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

1. Jay-Walker

THE recent fighting in the streets of Paris, Marseilles, Vienna, and other cities of the Continent, has distracted our attention somewhat from the great Conduit Street battle which was raging only yesterday, so to speak, at our very doors. Some brief relation of this sanguinary encounter really ought, for the sake of future historians, to be put on record, as never, since the Gordon riots, has a London thoroughfare run with so much blood.

This great clash of arms followed immediately on a decision of that execrated body, the Committee which recommends to the B.B.C. announcers how certain words and names may be spoken. Many such names come up before this body of phoneticians and linguistic scholars, and among them was the name, which happens to be pronounced in seven different ways, of that Mayfair Street. After a careful consideration of the fact that its inhabitants and frequenters of all classes pronounce the name (like the name of Gower Street) as it is spelt, and that all the engineers and electricians of England (with whom *conduit* is a term in daily use) give the word also a trisyllable sound, the Committee suggested in all innocence that it might be spoken in this way. This suggestion (and it was no more than a suggestion) provoked an explosion, a paroxysm of fury among those linguistic Diehards who are always eager to rush into print, and who, armed in the panoply of a complete ignorance of linguistic history, and never deigning to open a dictionary or consult the most elementary handbook on language, promulgate the usages of their set or club, or, it may be, their own private crotchets, as the inexorable laws of the King's English, the slightest infringements of which they castigate with all the dogmatic fury of the theologians and inquisitors of the good old days of ecclesiastical incinerations.

The *odium linguisticum* (to borrow Miss Rose Macaulay's happy phrase) has come to replace in modern times the almost obsolete *odium theologicum* as an outlet for the fury of intolerance pent up in that fiery furnace, the human breast. Its history would be worth writing if one had the time. Early outbreaks of it, though in a mild and incipient form, we find among the Elizabethans; it blazed out over classical emendations in the lifetime of the irate Bentley, and began to rage not long after among the editors of Shakespeare's text. What caused the fierce acrimony of these scholiasts and scholars was, Dr. Johnson remarked, not easy to discover, the points in dispute being of small importance and involving neither property nor liberty, nor stirring up political or religious passions. And yet one emendator would attack, he said, another, "with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary," and would display "a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics."

This word-fury, whose virulence Dr. Johnson so vividly describes, began in the nineteenth century to vent itself on the idioms of our language, and the forms and pronunciations of current English words. That its fires burn as fiercely as ever was soon to become evident in the street-fight I have mentioned. *The Times* discharged the first cannon volley with all the tremendous reverberation of its ancient and not (as one had come to fear) mitigated thunder. In the broadside of a leading article it fulminated against the "monstrosity," the "unheard-of vulgarity" of pronouncing the name of Conduit Street as its inhabitants pronounce it; and proceeded, as with the voice of a Göring or a Goebbels, to incite "stalwart and unimpeachable Englishmen" to a beating up, or "trouncing," as its leader-writer phrased it, of those members of the Committee—of the Irish Bernard Shaw, the Welsh Professor Lloyd James, and the American, myself—who are not of English birth. The correspondence columns of this great organ began to reverberate thereupon with the wrath of all the linguistic Diehards of Old England—with a gnashing of elderly false-teeth which, as a stimulus to the manufacture of dental sets, must have been good for trade.

Unluckily, however, for the language these verbal excommunications, ridiculous as they seem to philologists, are not altogether harmless; they have proved in the past and are proving even more today

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH
From a drawing by William Rothenstein

an injury to the vigor and creative power of our English speech. One of our most urgent needs, in this time of rapid transformation, is the need for new words to name the new inventions, the new ways of life and thought, which are appearing in such rapid succession, and for the labelling of which at least twenty or thirty new terms are added to our current vocabulary every year. As long as these new terms are (as they mostly are) long, learned, devitalized compounds of dead Greek or Latin roots, our Diehards swallow them without reluctance, but as soon as they meet with a word made out of the living and vivid elements of our own language, they are up in arms at once. *Standpoint* they denounced, and *outlook* and *overtone;* the word *handbook* raised a veritable scandal; and when the word *airman* appeared they did their best to kill it, and indeed would probably have done so, had not *The Times* (for I must be fair to that organ) given on principle a preference to this English term over the learned but bastard Latin *aviator*. Many other such native composites have, however, been knocked on the head by the purists, and as a consequence almost all the vital compounds which have added life in recent years to our language have come from America, where the pedants have not yet succeeded in establishing that linguistic reign of terror which they have imposed on England. *Backwoodsman, sneak-thief, cocktail, log-rolling, red-tape, skyscraper* — what admirable and expressive words these transatlantic compounds are! And what a word is *pussyfoot*, and how it would have delighted Shakespeare! And then there is the word *road-hog*, which brings me, after a long preamble, to the subject of my present note—a new Americanism which has just recently winged its way across the Atlantic, and which, if it can escape the shot-guns of our linguistic patriots, may perhaps nest and naturalize itself in our vocabulary. I speak of this word, *jay-walker*, as if it were a bird, and indeed it is of ornithological origin, being derived from the old French word *jay* (*geai* in modern French)—a bird-name which is believed to have fluttered into the French language from the Teutonic forests, being derived, it is supposed, from the old High German adjective *gähi*, which means "quick" or "lively." The lively, chattering, gay-colored jay-bird flutters and flashes in the plays of Shakespeare as the appellation of a showy, overdressed, or a loose woman—"some jay of Italy" in Imogen's indignant phrase; it also, in our earlier literature, came to mean a gawk or guy; and in America a provincial loon, the inhabitant of a "jay-town," or some backward provincial village, or some remote country district. Such a jay, appearing from the provinces among the rushing motors of a great city, and cutting country capers amid the traffic without regard to traffic regulations, acquired about 1925 (so the supplement to the Oxford Dictionary informs us) the happy appellation of *jay-walker*. Rope-walkers were once, as street-walkers are still, among the sights of the streets of London, and "disorderly walkers" were denounced in its churches; shop-walkers are familiar to us all, while the "six Proud Walkers" of folksong parade more pompously in our imaginations. Let's try to add to this gallant company the Jay-walker before the purists wring its neck!

2. Diehard

This word, unlike *Jay-walker*, and most of our new, animated compounds, is an all-English formation, and its history, as the Oxford Dictionary records it, is full of interest. To "die hard," like to "die game," was a colloquial phrase which became famous in the Peninsular War, when, at the battle of Albuera, the famous general, Sir William Inglis, cried out, "die hard! die-hard!" to the 57th regiment, then occupying a position as important as it was deadly. They obeyed, and the regiment is known as the "Diehards" to this day. In 1900 the term was applied to brindled Scottish terriers; in 1902 to the ermined peers who opposed the Irish Home Rule Bill of that date, and ten years later to the dukes, marquesses, earls, and barons who declared their cast-iron determination to die in the last ditch (they thought better of it later) rather than permit Lloyd George to bestow on that distressful land its freedom. If I have applied the term to those purists who fight with false-teeth and desperate nails against linguistic innovation, I feel that I have a sort of right to do so, since, though my reason is upright, my oblique and incorrigible pen is the pen of a purist-snob and Pharisee of the strictest sect. And now that genteel goose-quill begins to cackle with angry indignation as I compel it to set down the third of my little collection of modern words—

3. Viewpoint

Viewpoint, like *diehard*, is a word of English formation, though it is more generally made use of in America and has been quite recently imported from that country. The Oxford Dictionary finds it, however, in a book on British lichens published as early as 1844. The word, my reason tells me, is a serviceable one—inoffensive really as the now accepted, though once execrated, *standpoint;* but as it has never, like *diehard*, been patronized by the titled classes, and keeps like those other new and useful words, *colorful* and the verb to *sense*, what seems to me the most vulgar company, I shall have no traffic with it until it gets into a better set. To writers with more social courage I recommend it, however; claiming as my own in the meantime the merit of those who are aware at least of the state of sin they live in—who see and approve the better way they do not follow, and preach to others a doctrine and discipline which the infirmities of their flesh and their goose-quills render them incapable of following themselves.

The Cruel Falcon

By Robinson Jeffers

CONTEMPLATION would make a good life, keep it strict, only
The eyes of a desert skull drinking the sun,
Too intense for flesh, lonely
Exultations of white bone;
Pure action would make a good life, let it be sharp—
Set between the throat and the knife.
A man who knows death by heart
Is the man for that life.
In pleasant peace and security
How suddenly the soul in a man begins to die.
He shall look up above the stalled oxen
Envying the cruel falcon,
And dig under the straw for a stone
To bruise himself on.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Burton Emmett

WHEN his friends—the Little Church Around the Corner was crowded with them—gathered the other day to say goodbye to Burton Emmett, my mind went back to a story he loved to tell. It was many years ago, when he was working as advance man for some theatrical production—I think for Maude Adams in *The Little Minister*. But Burton, the gentlest and most decorous of men, had been raised in a very strict religious sect and some of his former dominies thought that by working for the theatre he had sold his soul to hell. He was stopping at a hotel in Buffalo when in the lobby he met his old Sunday school teacher. To Emmett's horror the pastor insisted on praying for him; seized Burton's arm in a firm grip, fell on his knees and burst into public petition. At that moment various professional friends emerged from the dining-room and found our friend in this gruesome plight. He always remembered it as the most embarrassing moment of a lifetime.

There have been few men, I think, who less needed the prayers of the unco pious. There have been few men more deservedly loved. He was a publicity expert of great shrewdness. He helped to blend the Chesterfield cigarette (I shouldn't be surprised if its somewhat literary name was his suggestion) and managed its advertising from the beginning. He invented the slogan used by the Red Cross in its War-time appeals—"All you need is a heart and a dollar." He had them both, and they were always at the disposal of his friends. As a collector of books, prints, and paintings he was never stampeded by the successive fidgets of fashion; though it was always fun to get him with his back against the wall and argue that he really paid a little too high for those excessively rare Stephen Cranes. He was one of the founders of *The Colophon*, and a charter subscriber to this *Review;* one of the best friends we ever had. He had the instinct of the collector in its happiest and most intelligent form. As the service was read for him I noticed that it was an Oxford Press prayer-book, a good job of plain honest printing. Burton, lover of all the decencies of presswork, would have liked that, and would have found nothing unseemly in my thought.

Granules from an Hourglass

Before the next war comes along I *must* somehow find out if there's an inexpensive reprint of James McBey's immortal etching of the Palestine campaign—*Gunfire, Mount of Olives.* I once saw it reproduced in some art dealer's catalogue; it became in my mind a permanent epitome of all the freakish irony of War. Some day some rich magazine like *Fortune* will maybe take up art and reprint some Muirhead Bones and McBeys.

Nothing gives me more secret pleasure than to see the world of fashion come thundering along the track all lathered with rediscovery. *Here is the newest game* cries an advertisement of Abercrombie & Fitch—and the "newest game" turns out to be cricket.

Except possibly the Professional Shoppers' advices about Rare Books and Fine Bindings. A shopping column in the *World-Telegram* seriously suggests as a gift for a bride Webster's collegiate dictionary in a de luxe leather binding. Dictionaries and swell bindings are natural antitheses; anyone who would be pleased by such is a trollop at heart and won't be married long.

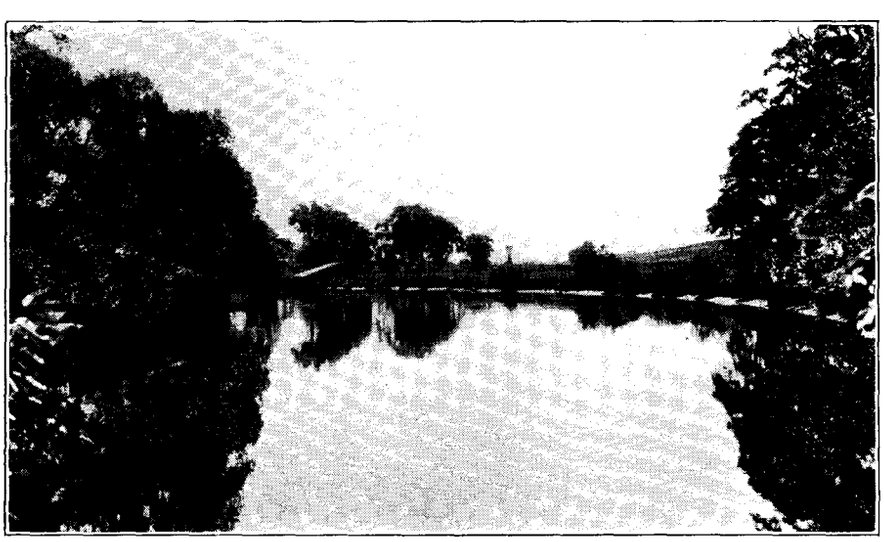
Speaking of oddities in advertising, I have patiently saved since last fall a fountain-pen broadside. It shows a picture of a good-sized volume and says, "This Miracle Pen, Filled Only Once, Wrote This 12,000-Word Book." It continues: "Roland Martini, the author, filled his ——— and with it wrote *The Marble Staircase*, a 12,000-word story soon to appear." But where is it?

One of the pleasantest bits of reading the Green has enjoyed lately was Edmund Pearson's piece in *The New Yorker* of May 11. Mr. Pearson—who used to be known to readers of this department long ago as the Twinkling Sage—described his affection for the little-known Putnam Division of the New York Central R. R. which loiters up to Brewster, N. Y. Mr. Pearson discovered the unexpectedly named village of Tilly Foster and learned that Tilly was not a young rosy-cheeked heroine of the Revolution. He notes that Carmel on Lake Glenida would be famous for its charm if it were on Lake Windermere instead of on an American loch; and discovers near Brewster a village called Sodom. This interested me as I once came upon a hamlet of that name West of Lake George and felt the same painful question expressed by Mr. Pearson—"What do the inhabitants call themselves?"

If the death of Frederic Manning was commented on at the time (February 22) I missed it. I find it noted in the summer catalogue of his London publisher, Peter Davies. Frederic Manning wrote *Her Privates We* which was first published as by "Private 19022." I am not even sure that it was ever published in this country; if so, I believe it was under another title, which I have forgotten. But it is interesting to recall that readers like E. M. Forster, Arnold Bennett, St. John Ervine and Lawrence of Arabia thought it a great book. And one of Manning's writings E. M. Forster has spoken of as "perhaps the most exquisite short story of our generation."

So I was interested in Peter Davies's tribute to Manning. He says:—

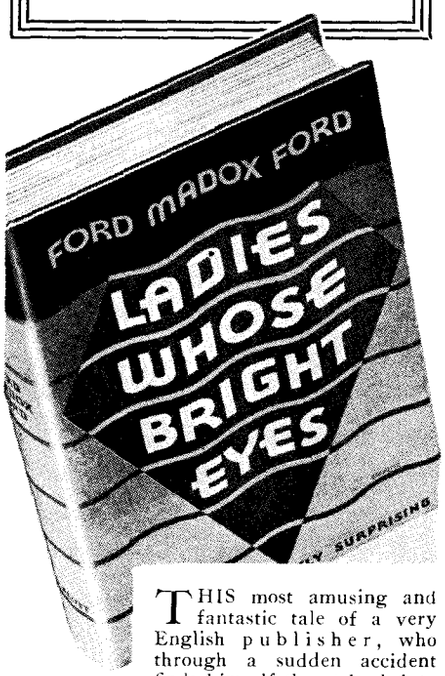
> Those privileged to know him will agree that he had no living intellectual superior; constant ill-health, combined with an extreme fastidiousness, curtailed the literary output which might have been expected from so fine and penetrating a mind; and the modesty and aloofness which prevented him from putting his name to the most successful of his books robbed him of the personal fame which would have been his had he cared to claim it. But both



OTTER CREEK—MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Even Mark Twain Would Have Envied Its Wit and Gusto"



THIS most amusing and fantastic tale of a very English publisher, who through a sudden accident finds himself thrust back into history 600 years, is sure to provide sterling entertainment for the nation's booklovers. Mr. Ford, with apt continental spirit, not only presents many amusing and intriguing adventures reminiscent of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," he also delves into medieval adventures of the heart bound to make "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" brighter and men called "grand-dad" just a little spryer in their step. *At all bookstores, $2.50.*

MILTON
By HILAIRE BELLOC

An arresting, intimate picture of England's great epic poet, with a brilliant discussion of his work, about which Professor Witherspoon of Yale University says, "It is not likely, in our generation at least, that Milton will again be submitted to such searching analysis." Frontispiece. Price $4.

THE SPIRIT OF LONDON
By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM

More than a guide book—in addition it contains a good deal of information not usually found between covers. "The best introduction to London," says Ray Mortimer, "that we could give to a friend going abroad." 145 photographs. $2.75.

PROVENCE
By FORD MADOX FORD

Not only a sparkling history of Southern France; also a connoisseur's guide to the world's most fascinating playground, the French Riviera. *Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club.* With 38 illustrations by Biala, $3.00.

Published by
LIPPINCOTT

"Her Privates We," a best-seller immediately on publication and in constant demand ever since, and the exquisite "Scenes and Portraits," are as clearly marked out for immortality as anything written in the present century.

Charlotte Moody reports that I was evidently wrong in my recollection of the Otter in *Water Babies.* She writes:—

I went thumbing through *The Water Babies,* but I'm sorry, I can't find the Otter in the role of a mystic. In fact he seems to be of the few bad actors in the book. I've just re-read a chapter in *The Wind in the Willows,* the one in which Rat and Mole go sculling up the River, looking for little Portly Otter and hear Pan piping. It looks silly written down like that, but you know what I mean. I'd forgotten how lovely it is. It's called "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn" and it's plenty mystic, and perhaps that's what you were thinking of. Could it be?

In his *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pensilvania* Ben Franklin suggested "Sanctorius on Perspiration" as a book his students should read. In my ignorance I had supposed that to be a joke of Ben's; a parable of assiduity. But Frank Walter, the learned librarian of the University of Minnesota, tells me there really is such a book. Mr. Walter writes:

The real name of Sanctorius was Santorio Santorio, 1561-1631 or 1636. He was Professor at Padua and also an innovator in surgical medicine. He invented a clinical thermometer and a pulse-clock or "pulsilogium." He also invented instruments for removing stones from the bladder, foreign bodies from the ear, a laryngoscope and other instruments of benign torture. It is a pity that Samuel Pepys did not know him. F. H. Garrison in his *Introduction to the History of Medicine* says:

"His medical fame today is best associated with the fact that he founded the physiology of metabolism through his experiments and data upon what he called the 'insensible perspiration' of the body."

Sanctorius' *Collected Works,* published in four volumes in Venice in 1660 do not include in their main titles any specific reference to this "insensible perspiration," but it was an important part of his medical theories.

I think it is very likely that Franklin had had his attention called to the two works which follow. I do not know that he read Latin easily, so it may be (this is purely a guess) that what he really was after was the 1726 work, the meaning of which he had mixed up with the title of the 1725. At any rate, it shows that Franklin was keenly alive to what was going on in the field of science and apparently somewhat conversant with what were then the scientific innovations.

Sanctorius. Le médecine statique, ou l'art de se conserver la santé par la transpiration trad. en françois par feu (*sic*) M. Lebreton. 6 p. 219 pp., 21. 24°. Paris. Briasson, 1726.
Gorter, Johanes de. De perspiratione insensibili Sanctoriana-Batava tractatus, etc., dissertationes accedunt quædam ex Sanctorii aphoris mis staticis, depromptæ, etc., Leyden, 1725. (Another edition appeared in 1732.)

FRANK K. WALTER.

Visiting the Old Home

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND. By R. B. Mowat. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THIS volume by the Professor of History in the University of Bristol, England, who has a long list of historical works to his credit, must be taken as a product of his hours of ease rather than those of hard research or profound thinking. This does not mean that it is not an agreeable and entertaining book. It is, and will serve very pleasantly to pass one of the reader's own hours of ease, if he is not already fairly familiar with the subject.

He will find a somewhat sketchy account of American colonists who revisited the old home in the seventeenth century; seventeen pages on Franklin's long stays in England; notices, in two chapters, of some of both the earlier and later artists who have visited or lived in that country; a chapter on the England of Washington Irving, in which six pages are devoted to the comments of Cooper whose volume of "Gleanings" is too little known; a chapter on the friendship of Emerson and Carlyle; one on academic life; another on England during our Civil War, and so on.

There is ample entertainment in all this, and there is nothing more unfair than criticizing an author for not writing one sort of book when he obviously aimed at writing another. It is not quite obvious, however, in this case, what Professor Mowat did aim at. He says in his preface that he wanted to find an answer to the question of what Americans have thought of their life in England, but he often mentions Americans as being there (*e. g.,* the page and a half on Downing) without mentioning their opinions, whereas he dismisses Oliver Wendell Holmes in two lines, and does not mention Richard Grant White's book, one of the best on the English scene and character, at all. Occasionally he writes of Americans who have never even been in England, to note not their opinions but their honors from thence. There has been no lack of books discussing the American in England, either single or group biographies, an excellent example of the latter being Lewis Einstein's "Divided Loyalties," published in 1933. But if there is nothing very novel in either Professor Mowat's material or treatment, his book is a delightful addition to the existent literature on the topic. In fact, the really serious criticism might be that it is *too* delightful, and would be both more racy and more truthful if to the long love feast depicted were added the salt of the more pungent criticisms occasionally bluntly forthcoming from Americans abroad.

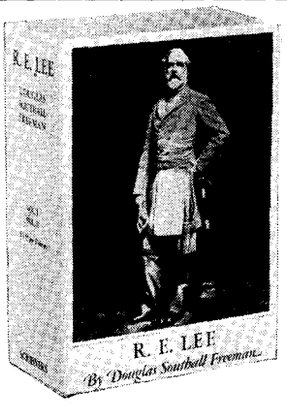
James Truslow Adams, noted American historian, makes his home in England.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PULITZER PRIZE BIOGRAPHY

R. E. Lee

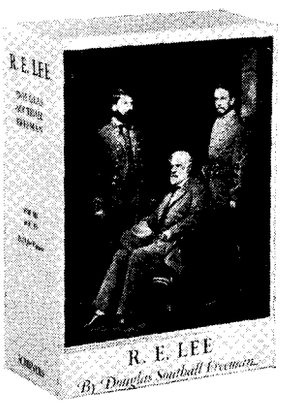
by Douglas Southall Freeman



Volumes 1 and 2

"Will stand among the great biographies . . . one of the salient works of our time . . . the portrait of the man, never lost in a mass of detail, dominates the narrative." *Atlantic Monthly*

(Complete in Four Volumes. Each volume profusely illustrated from photographs, paintings and numerous specially drawn maps. Vols. 1 and 2, Boxed, $7.50; Vols. 3 and 4, Boxed, $7.50; Per volume, $3.75)



Volumes 3 and 4

Magical City *A Book of Drawings by* Vernon Howe Bailey

120 superb drawings of the great buildings of New York, old and new, done by an internationally famous artist and handsomely reproduced by the offset process. Arthur Bartlett Maurice has written a delightful and informative textual obligato. $2.50

Puzzled America *by* Sherwood Anderson

"Anderson goes to the source of all American literature—the American people. And he has returned with a book which takes your breath away." *The Chicago News.* $2.50

at all bookstores

Roll River *by* James Boyd

" 'Roll up the map' of the novel world. It will not be needed again this year. James Boyd's 'Roll River' is what America has been waiting for."
James C. Grey in The New York Sun

Second Large Printing $2.75

So Red the Rose
Twentieth Big Printing $2.50

Of Time and The River *by* Thomas Wolfe

"Tremendously vital, powerfully conceived, and written with passion and beauty."
Henry Seidel Canby in The Book-of-the-Month Club News

Seventh Big Printing $3.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York

Off to Mexico *by* Leone *and* Alice Leone Moats

"A really practical guidebook, containing everything you will want to know, from a short history of Mayan civilization to a calendar of bullfights and information about volcanoes. . . . Indispensable." *The New Yorker*

With 14 picture maps in full color by Matias Santoyo $4.75

Clashing Tides of Colour *by* Lothrop Stoddard

"An important book. It states a true and penetrating thesis, and it examines the relationship between race and nationality in a decent and scholarly spirit." *The London Times Literary Supplement.* $3.00

at all bookstores

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Discovery CORNER

ONE OF THE exciting things of a publisher's—and a bookseller's—profession is the perpetual possibility of surprise, innovation, and discovery of new talent. Dismiss for the moment the fact that **FRANCIS THE FIRST, PERSONAL HISTORY, COME AND GET IT** are best-seller 'tops', that **GERALD,** one of the most excitingly-talked-about biographies since *Nijinsky,* is steadily creeping in that direction, and just take a look at these books—new in the shops—that are giving pleasure to hundreds of readers who are discovering them each week:

EVENING OF A MARTINET, *by Jane Oliver.* A sprightly novel of an English schoolmistress and her secret summer of passion in the Scottish hills. $2.

THE DEADLY DOWAGER, *by Edwin Greenwood.* This novel of 83-year-old Lady Arabella, with her lethal monomania for more money and fewer relatives, is a comedy of murders that is both thrilling and gay good reading. $2.

NOT FOR HEAVEN, *by Dorothy McCleary.* Ma Bostwick is "such a character as literature has not produced since Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—says the *Chicago Tribune*—"She is more of a harridan than the grandmother in *February Hill* and infinitely more engaging." $2.

HUNGRY MEN, *by Edward Anderson.* The great novel of the American jungle, of the whole dog-eat-dog world of America's last decade. $2.

JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER, *by A. R. Craig.* The story of a woman—artist and wanton—set in colorful Ecuador, England, Russia, by the author of *When Adam Wept.* $2.50

CONDEMNED TO LIVE, *by Johann Rabener.* Discovered by Wassermann, praised by Mann, a novel of shocking power out of the Germany of 1924, before Hitler. $3.

BESIDES, THE WENCH IS DEAD, *by "Robert Ullin".* The dramatic and enthralling novel of a backstreet woman in the days of the Great Boom. People will soon be asking "Who is Robert Ullin?" $2.50

Doubleday, Doran

The Struggle for Religious Liberty

THE STORY OF AMERICAN DISSENT. By John M. Mecklin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $3.50.

MAKERS OF CHRISTIANITY FROM JESUS TO CHARLEMAGNE. By Shirley Jackson Case. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.

THE CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By F. J. Foakes-Jackson. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). $1.

Reviewed by ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF

OUR title accurately describes the story told in the three books reviewed under it. For it is the same age-long struggle for religious liberty appearing in its varying historical settings. As it is studied in the long historical sweep of eighteen centuries the contribution to the final issue made by contemporaneous political, social, and economic ideals is forcefully brought into relief.

"The Story of American Dissent" makes the most immediate appeal to our interest, so we will start with it. Professor Mecklin describes the struggle for religious liberty in its purely American form, as it was fought out during the Colonial period, and finally won with the first amendment to the new Constitution which forbids Congress making any "law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," and, embodying in the "General Provisions" a clause stating that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." That any struggle preceded this constitutional enactment does not seem to have entered the mind of the modern American. He believes that when our forefathers launched their *Mayflower* and steered out boldly into the desperate winter sea, they left behind them forever the last vestiges of the old-world struggle for religious liberty. And when they moor'd their bark on the wild New England shore, they found what they sought thus afar, "a faith's pure shrine." And, "They have left unstained what there they found, Freedom to worship God." To all such believers Professor Macklin's book will bring a sad awakening. For his quiet, unimpassioned recital of the events which took place in the Bible Commonwealth of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in the founding of Rhode Island, in Plymouth and Connecticut, in Virginia and Pennsylvania, make a tale of religious persecution as unrelenting and bitter as any recorded in history. Again and again the persecuted appealed to the Mother Country for relief, and as many times the king and parliament intervened for the protection of the dissenters. That such things could have occurred in America, the "land of the free," is unbelievable! The literature covering this period is abundant, and yet ignorance of this struggle is today widespread. No single book covers the whole Colonial period more satisfactorily than this one. Professor Mecklin's own personal struggle for educational liberty, and the price it cost him, has made him a very sympathetic writer.

The reviewer feels that the use of the word "dissent" in the title is proving too costly. On American soil, Quakers, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and other religious denominations seem to resent being classed as "dissenters." The word carries with it an old-world stigma that does not seem to fit in American religious life and thought. Historically the term is technically correct, and Professor Mecklin's definition of a "dissenter," makes it doubly so, yet notwithstanding this academic defense of its use, the book has to suffer from this word. If the title could have carried some suggestion of the victorious American struggle for religious liberty, it would have won for itself a larger appeal. There are times when one feels that it has been much easier for Professor Mecklin to understand the dissenters in their struggle than to understand the problems which the establishment-defenders faced.

Professor Case, in his book, "Makers of Christianity," introduces us to the same old struggle in an earlier period. To recognize it, all that is necessary is to become familiar with the changed names of the old contending parties. They now are: Montanists, Donatists, Arians, Pelagians, Nestorians, and countless others who, without joining dissenting groups, nobly fought for religious liberty within the Church. But the ancient world with its imperialistic ideals was set against them, and they lost their battle, going down to defeat when Leo III, on December 25th, 800 A. D., in St. Peter's in Rome, placed the crown upon the head of Charlemagne, while the entire assembly joined in these words: "Life and victory to Charles most pious Augustus, crowned by God, the great and peace-bringing Emperor," and the Holy Roman Empire was born. Professor Case uses the biographical-historical method made popular by Will Durant in "The Story of Philosophy." To be strictly accurate, his title should read, "Makers of Roman Catholic Christianity." For, with one or two exceptions, the personalities he makes live again are those who builded the Roman Catholic Church. He had done well a difficult piece of historical work. His book should serve to counterbalance some of the popular books covering these same personalities written by Jewish-minded authors whose urge to humanize the Church Fathers and Dignitaries often leads them to unwarranted extremes.

Professor F. J. Foakes-Jackson's little book, "The Church in the Middle Ages," is one of nine in a series planned for teachers of boys and girls. Two of the nine are by Professor Foakes-Jackson. In one hundred and fifty small pages he presents a clear survey of more than a thousand years, from 495 to 1595, A. D. Moving with this master-historian through the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and Reformation, with the birth of the modern world and its decisive victory for religious liberty, seem but the natural issue from the social forces at work upon the ancient world which had to die to give birth to its child. Though originally designed for boys and girls, this simple presentation of a very confusing period will be equally welcomed by adults.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE AND MORE superb reviews for "the best biography since NIJINSKY"...

SELDOM DOES A BOOK move readers, booksellers and critics alike to such genuine expressions of appreciation as has GERALD, the incomparably fine biography of the celebrated actor-manager by his daughter, Daphne, author of *The Loving Spirit*. For five weeks now we have watched the book grow in the affections of hundreds of readers, climbing steadily into the company of that brace of favorite best-sellers, **FRANCIS THE FIRST** and **PERSONAL HISTORY.**

For every reader of *Nijinsky*, for every lover of *Broome Stages*, here is a rare treat in the story of the famous Kicky (George, father of Gerald), who loved beauty and surprised himself by writing *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson* late in life, and in the bitter-sweet chronicle of Gerald, matinee idol, creator of *Raffles*, but most of all the happy-go-lucky boy with the ginger wit, the tremor in his voice and the amazing life-long capacity for squeezing the utmost out of everything.

Just read what they're saying about **GERALD:**

"FAR AND AWAY the best book I've read this year." — DALE WARREN, Houghton Mifflin.

"One of the most enchanting biographies of this season . . . you will find your attention pinned immovably to the pages."—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker*.

"If putting on a beard and wearing a wig and speaking in a husky voice makes one a genius, I can't see there is anything to it . . . it's all too easy," Gerald thought.

"SINCE READING NIJINSKY no book has so completely fascinated me as GERALD, no book has so made my 'heart strings crack.' "—ELLEN ENNIS, Lord & Taylor Book Shop.

"The strangest, most fascinating, and most pitiable of modern biographies."—JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

"Heart-piercing biography."—Chicago *Daily News*.

"The unquenchable spirit of Gerald is alive on every page . . . incomparable biography."—Boston *Transcript*.

"The most endearing bit of irony, the most devoted piece of satire any daughter ever wrote about a father."—SOSKIN, N. Y. *American*.

"Daphne du Maurier writes of her glamorous, adolescent father with a charm, a gentleness and an honesty that make her book practically impossible to lay down."—Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*.

"A BEAUTIFUL BOOK—simple, tender, touching, and true."—CLAYTON HAMILTON, *Saturday Review*.

"A work of art in which each stroke is weighted with loving fidelity."—St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

"A substantial and tender success."—WOOD, Springfield *Union*.

"Both affectionate and mercilessly clear—a remarkable feat."—CHAMBERLAIN, N. Y. *Times*.

"GERALD was an Ibbetson himself, with a good deal of Peter Pan in him, a man of terrific spirit and great dejections, full of vitality, wit and gaiety, an incomparable show-off and a fine actor . . . extraordinary biography."—MERLIN, Los Angeles *Times*.

"One of the most engaging and moving of familiar biographies, done with remarkable poise and skill, and unlike any other . . . the narrative flows as gently and ruthlessly as time."—STILLMAN, *BOOKS*.

* * *

Recommended by the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club—New York AMERICAN Prize Book. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN $3.

* * *

GERALD

by Daphne du Maurier

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATEST LOTHROP BOOKS

"It has wit, shrewdness, and charm."
—Christopher Morley

PORTRAIT of the ARTIST'S CHILDREN

EDWARD CHARLES

EASY, enjoyable reading lies in this novel of a lovable English artist and the genesis of his first masterpiece. "The novel is well told. The author is given to unusual and effective turns of speech. . . . He has a ripe viewpoint, and an original humorous touch. His new novel is an entertaining and admirable piece of work." — *N. Y. Times Book Review.* Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club. $2.00

RIDER in the SUN

EDMUND WARE

IN a story which symbolizes much that is common to every man and woman, Dan seeks adventure and self-establishment, and finds in cattle ranching and construction work, both defeat and satisfaction.

"Mrs. Lawson and I have read the manuscript with joy . . . It has such a strange and fascinating quality and is so beautifully and simply told." — *Robert Lawson.* $2.00

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

Alice Foote MacDougall's COOK BOOK

by Alice Foote MacDougall
Illustrated, $2.50

THE FUN OF HAVING CHILDREN

by Katharine Seabury, $1.75

At all bookstores

LOTHROP
LEE & SHEPARD CO.
BOSTON

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS is our greatest living poet in the English language. Therefore anything he writes is important. His latest volume is "The King of the Great Clock Tower," though to call it a volume seems misleading, as it is a small book. The Macmillan Company has just published it. Apparently, though he does not name him, Yeats first took this new work to *Ezra Pound* for his opinion. That worthy pronounced it "Putrid." The anecdote of such a journey to the oracle, in Yeats's preface, will probably remain a notable curiosity of literature, as will the oracle's pronouncement! Yeats prays that he himself "may seem though I die old, a foolish, passionate man."

The short play that gives the title to the book was performed at The Abbey Theatre the end of last June. Yeats explains that he really wrote it for the sake of the lyrics in it, because he had written no verse for two years, and feared that now, in his sixty-ninth year, he might be too old for poetry. There are a few other songs beside the play, and on each grouping there are commentaries, which might be called footnotes to Yeats's autobiography. It is these that give the book special interest. Yeats has written little dance plays before, founded on the Japanese model, and, as he says, "The King" is such a play. He comments on a number of things concerning it, *imprimis* his being fascinated by the legend of the severed head. "A certain man swears to sing the praise of a certain woman, his head is cut off and the head sings." He points out how his use of the dance differs from the dance in Wilde's "Salome." But he does not explain his more cryptic lyrics, just as he does not explain his supernatural songs. The poem about Parnell's funeral and the strange political marching song have more illuminating commentary. *Disjecta membra poetæ* is all that can be said of this book, but noble poetry is in it.

Herbert Read has written much criticism and has acted as historian of modern art. His poetry is, perhaps, less well known. Now Harcourt, Brace & Company have brought out his "Poems: 1914-1934." Mr. Read is, of course, an Englishman, and in the note at the beginning of this volume he says that ten years have passed since the publication of the first edition of these collected poems. He has removed a few poems from the original contents and has added "about thirty new poems." He has made some slight revisions.

Those who are familiar only with Read's "The Meaning of Art," or "Forms in Modern Poetry" or "English Prose Style," from among his other books, should be interested in this more creative work. The earlier poems are imagistic, the war poems interesting for their plain stories, though the best of them seems to me to be the thoughts of a captain concerning his company. The group called "The End of a War" is striking. The next section, the "Satirical Verses," does not amount to a great deal. Some of the Lyrical Poems are good, like "The Seven Sleepers." In arrangement most of them are very mannered, they are too self-conscious to please me greatly. The jerky method of modern free verse reminds me most of the stock-ticker ribbon, the telegraph key, the flicker of news releases in electric light. There is a little alliteration, a little assonance, a succession of pauses, some of which are effective, some seemingly arbitrary. The eye is jerked down the page from statement to statement. When the utterance grows most modern it is most esoteric and increasingly parsimonious in expression. But here, as in the longer poems, which are interesting though difficult, there is stuff of poetry—occasionally there is what seems to me very like stuff and nonsense. Some of the statements will not bear analysis. These characteristics are not peculiar to Mr. Read's verse. They can be found everywhere in the poetry of today.

The attempt seems to be to allow pure reason to function freely amid the chaotic impressions that constitute the artist's modern world.

Our structures are of steel and glass
their subtle struts not obvious
we build with space in space
and by ingenuity produce
our aerial houses high towers
our winding stairs—
all is in light
above-board and ought
to win the approval of the masses.

But by those ignorant of stresses
our architecture is dismissed
as at best a jest.
Any demagogue can raise a wind
to break the logic of the mind.

That passage (though wrenched from its context) seems to me to express what most modern poets are driving at, and it is in such lame rhythms as a good many of them write. They are also, however, capable of precise and beautiful language, and sometimes their particular method images the immediate, mechanistic, and headlong modern world as no other method could. Mr. Read is of his time.

Turning to Joseph Auslander's newest book of poems, "No Traveller Returns," (Harpers) I find him abiding by what *Padraic Colum* has called the "gracious old" forms, and exercising therein his own salient gifts. He writes poetry I can immediately recognize. This man is a strong and vivid singer. But if, from my saying this, you should gain the impression that he is not also a thinker, you would be quite wrong. He possesses quite as much intellectual virtue as Mr. Read, and a powerful, rhythmic language Mr. Read lacks. His verse can ring like a trumpet-call. The Elizabethans would have recognized his gifts. Yet here is a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man who has written intensely graphic poems of the modern world. His "Steel" is widely known.

Some of his sonnets in this volume seem to me quite astonishing. And a profound personal loss has strung the sinews tighter of this athletic song. The poet has faced his darkest human experience, and has felt the full power of his adversary. Hence the subjective poems in this volume are more interesting to me than any Mr. Auslander has yet written. He could always command with ease a rhetoric denied most poets. He is an adept at figurative speech. These are the trappings of poetry—trappings, be it said, that I for one honor highly. But the voice of true experience is as prime an ingredient as the voice of imagination, and when the two are blended you have something very fine. Essentially a romantic, with a Latin verve and passion, this poet lives also in a real world, wherein the anguish is as great as the glory. He has considerable range. He can write of nature with precise observation. He can also adapt fable beautifully to his own uses. And he can recount those battles of the human heart and mind in a way to illuminate one's own experience.

In these rhythms, in this language, there is a musical and verbal beauty so frequent that one marvels. All the poems are not at the same level. There are occasional lapses. The bee, the sea-gull, the thunder, a few other favorite things recur too frequently. But this is a lavish book, and one can choose in it. In general it may be said that the work, in its richness and variety, stands with the best work of our time.

"The Man from Vermont," published by Eileen Baskerville at Oak Park, Illinois is by one *Henry Dierkes,* carries a foreword by *Vincent Starrett,* who knows him, and has been recommended by Robert Frost, who says:

> You are almost totally free from gang thinking and fashionable attitudes of mind. . . . You have sight and insight.

I agree with that as far as it goes. To take a slight instance, this impression of a baby is original and well put:

To me you are soft flesh
With jolly feather-hairs upon your head
And little thoughts going round
Inside it.

But the book is in free verse, and I simply am not as strongly attracted to regulation free verse as I am to rhyme and metre. I must have read tons of free verse in my time, and I still feel that way! Still, Mr. Dierkes has a wide range of subjects and interesting things to say.

The Macmillan Company asks me to state that, acting with the consent of the executors of the Estate of Edwin Arlington Robinson, they request that anyone possessing letters from him send them as soon as possible to George P. Brett, Jr., in care of The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for use in connection with a forthcoming critical biography of the poet and a possible volume of selected letters. The letters that are sent will be acknowledged, carefully preserved, and returned to the senders.

★Pulitzer Prize Play★

THE OLD MAID

Dramatized by ZOE AKINS from the Novel by EDITH WHARTON

The year's best play, delightful reading. $2.00. Also read Edith Wharton's original story, "THE OLD MAID" ($1.25), or the four volumes of "OLD NEW YORK" (boxed, $5.00).

Recommended by THE SATURDAY REVIEW

WISH AND WISDOM

Episodes in the Vagaries of Belief

By JOSEPH JASTROW

¶ "A completely satisfying book! How the personal Wish works upon belief is the thread of this exciting story. The photographs and facsimiles of all sorts of queer books add greatly to the reader's interest. Every one of Dr. Jastrow's chapters is a fascinating mystery story . . . admirable wisdom and entertainment." — *Christopher Morley in Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

¶ "Delightful. Extraordinarily interesting. Conveys better understanding of rationalization and kindred processes than any other book of which I know, and in a most interesting way." — *Professor Edwin B. Holt, Princeton.*

¶ "A vivid appreciation of the unlimited range of human credulity seems particularly appropriate and essential to the present period. The collection of vivid illustrations is consequently very timely and will be read by many with wonder and illumination." — *James Harvey Robinson.*

¶ "I recommend it as one of the wisest and most wholly absorbing books that have come my way. It treats the erratic beliefs of the human race with scholarship, humor and balance." — *Herschel Brickell.*

Illustrated, $3.50, *At All Booksellers*

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY, 35 West 32nd Street, New York

The first complete and authoritative statement of why it is neither scientific nor necessary for the good life to believe in immortality.

The Illusion of Immortality

By CORLISS LAMONT

Required reading—a book on which theologians, philosophers and laity agree.

"An extraordinarily complete and well informed discussion of the various aspects of the problem of continuing personal life after death, surveying relevant arguments from historical, scientific, social and philosophical angles . . . worthy of the serious attention of all thoughtful persons, particularly of those associated with liberal religious thought."—*John Dewey in the New Republic.*

"The thought moves on a plane of serious inquiry . . . His conclusions are decisive . . . Mr. Lamont has conducted a difficult and delicate inquiry with conscientious care and rigorously honest spirit."—*John Haynes Holmes in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 2 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS. (*Houghton Mifflin*).
SIESTA. By Berry Fleming (*Harcourt, Brace*).
GOD AND MY FATHER. By Clarence Day. (*Knopf*).

Cathedrals of England

IF Spring arrives, can holidays be far behind? Already there is a premonitary stir, an increasingly heavy mail asking for suggestions for books on foreign lands, guides to motor travel, and handbooks to scenic and historic pilgrimage points.

H. C. of Clayton, N. Y., *for instance, is planning a bicycle tour of England this summer and wants to lay in some information on the cathedrals of the land.*

It's entirely off the record and not what he wants at all, and very probably wouldn't appeal to the masculine taste at any rate, and possibly might even prove sentimental and thin to my own present interest, but just for old lang syne and the love I bore it in my youthful days I can't refrain from mentioning Kate Douglas Wiggin's gay little tale, A CATHEDRAL PILGRIMAGE (Houghton Mifflin). In my affectionate remembrance it lingers as a charming bit of fooling set against the background of cathedral and close, and the sort of story to put one in the mood for journeying to the great religious shrines. Nor can I think of English cathedrals without having rise before my mind's eye Canterbury as David Copperfield first saw it and getting a glimpse of the town in the mellow light in which Dickens's fancy bathed it. But of course it's not fiction but factual information that H. C.'s in search of, and I'm wasting his time in indulging myself in useless enthusiasm. So to business.

The most recent book I have seen on the subject is THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND (Scribners), by Harry Batsford and Charles Fry, which, in the words of the Preface, "is intended first and foremost as a compact pictorial review of the cathedrals, with a brief account of each, written as simply and concisely as possible." The book is lavishly illustrated and contains plans of the leading edifices, and a map showing their geographical position. It includes the recent "parish-church cathedrals" and the modern cathedrals of Truro, Liverpool, and Guildford. A useful work, rendered attractive by reason of its beautiful photographs. It boasts a Foreword by Hugh Walpole, who comes by his interest in cathedrals by way of his Archbishop father. Another useful book, or rather a brace of useful books, is published by Macmillan, in CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND and THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND, the first by A. H. Thompson, the second by W. B. Tuthill. Still other volumes are Helen Pratt Marshall's CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND (Dodd, Mead) and Ditchfield's CATHEDRALS OF GREAT BRITAIN (Dutton). If H. C. wants something more than the general description which the intelligent traveller usually desires for background for a cathedral tour, he can turn to Bond's ENGLISH CATHEDRAL ARCHITECTURE FROM THE ELEVENTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY (Oxford University Press), one of the authoritative works in its field.

A New England Tour

G. C. B. of Andover, N. H., *also would a wandering go. She is making preparations for a motor trip through New England, and wants books which will give her guidance as to routes, old inns, points of interest, etc.*

The Women's City Club of Boston issues a useful pamphlet which it distributes gratis, entitled WHERE TO SHOP AND WHERE TO STOP IN BOSTON AND ALONG NEW ENGLAND MOTOR TRAILS. I think G. C. B. would find it worth her while to write for this to the club, 40 Beacon Street, Boston. Then, having secured as it were a diagram to points of interest, she could go for further information to M. H. Northend's WE VISIT OLD INNS (Hale, Cushman & Flint) which she will find contains material on the architecture, furnishings, and historical associations of inns and taverns in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, and to Mary Caroline Crawford's ROMANCE OF OLD ROOFTREES (Page), a description of historic houses and other landmarks. John T. Faris's SEEING THE EASTERN STATES (Lippincott) contains pages on New England valuable to the motorist, as does T. D. Murphy's HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS FROM A MOTOR CAR (Page). The Guyde Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn., issues a book on motor trips which includes New England and Canada. It's reached a tenth edition. There's safety in numbers.

From Grammar to Literature

J. P. D. of San Francisco, Calif., *wants to make a complete review of the subject of English from grammar up to the highest form of literature, and wishes a list of books upon it.*

I take it for granted, since J. P. D. says he wishes to "make a review" that he will not want elementary books but rather those that go deeply into their subject. Under any circumstances he should get THE KING'S ENGLISH (Oxford University Press), by Henry Watson Fowler and Francis G. Fowler, which will give him a panoramic view of the English language, of its idioms, corrections, errors, and grammar, with illustrations of the correct and incorrect use of language. George Philip Krapp's KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH (Holt), which sets forth the "general underlying principles of the language, something of its historical development, and some of the more significant problems of modern style," J. O. Jespersen's GROWTH AND STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (Appleton-Century), which is a highly technical work by one of the leading scholars in its field, and Kittredge and Farley's ADVANCED ENGLISH GRAMMAR (Ginn), are none of them for the beginner, but should all of them be familiar to the serious student. If J. P. D. wants the type of book used in the colleges in English Composition courses he should get Barrett Wendell's ENGLISH COMPOSITION (Scribners) or Brewster's ENGLISH COMPOSITION AND STYLE (Appleton-Century), and with either one of them Mr. Canby's BETTER WRITING (Harcourt, Brace), an exposition of what must happen in the writer's mind if he is to write well. One of the most wise and illuminating books for anyone interested in writing is C. E. Montague's A WRITER'S NOTES ON HIS TRADE (Doubleday, Doran), one of those rare works which actually cast light on the creative processes. Finally J. P. D. might find interesting H. L. Mencken's AMERICAN LANGUAGE (Knopf).

History of the Jews

M. D. H. of Fresno, Calif., *writes: Will you kindly direct me to books that will give an outline of early Jewish history, together with a modern interpretation of their economic, political, and social status in the world today.*

A year or two ago the Viking Press issued a book which was highly praised by students of Jewish history which presented first the annals of the Hebrew race and then took up the status of the Jew in the modern world. This was THE HISTORY AND DESTINY OF THE JEWS, by Josef Kastein (a pseudonym for Julius Katzenstein). Another authoritative work, Abram Leon Sachar's HISTORY OF THE JEWS (Knopf), contains a selected bibliography which should be useful. Perhaps the best short account in English is Paul Goodman's HISTORY OF THE JEWS (Dutton), which is at once informed and readable. The great work on the subject is Heinrich H. Graetz's HISTORY OF THE JEWS (Hebrew Publishing Company), which has been edited and abridged by B. Lowy and issued in English in five volumes. Its index, by Henrietta Szoldt, is published by the Jewish Publication Society (which also brings out an edition of the main work) as a separate volume. For the position of the Jew today there are JEWISH LIFE IN MODERN TIMES (Dodd, Mead), by Israel Cohen, and Ludwig Lewisohn's ISRAEL (Liveright).

Myths of Ancient Days

Mrs. H. D. S. Jr., of Louisville, Ky., *wants to purchase a book of myths and legends of Greece and Rome; "not a history or mythology, but the myths."*

The best work of the sort is Bulfinch's MYTHOLOGY, which is issued both by Crowell and as one of the Modern Library Giants in a single volume containing THE AGE OF FABLE, THE AGE OF CHIVALRY, and LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Marriages

SUSAN AND JOANNA. By Elizabeth Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

IF the reader is told that this novel is primarily a study of two marriages, he will expect, naturally and essentially, such emphasis upon sex adjustments as has come to be almost the alphabet of the serious modern novel. Let him turn to this book, then, with the anticipation of something quite different from that over-familiar pattern, though equally significant. A study of two marriages, yes; but a study of their development, their difficulties or near-disasters, and their final promise of fruition, through the adjustment not of sex in itself (which is actually never mentioned), but rather of the whole personality,—to circumstances, to tasks, and to people, to methods of living and loving and enduring. One reads what is on the surface a simple and sincerely written narrative of an English village group. But underneath there is the thoughtfulness and penetration that reaches out constantly to larger issues.

The exploration of an interesting plot is best left to the reader. The chief protagonist in it all is Susan—equable, four-square, simply yet deeply motivated, whose nature is to accept, to be poised, to be objectively happy. Her young scientist husband (blundering and rough-handed from the outward standpoint but true-blue within) is the only one of the pair who is in love at first, in the usual sense. But Susan has entered into a marriage of larger bonds, in which she trusted unequivocally and which do not fail her, while her serenity carries her through difficult outward conditions.

Susan's friend, Joanna, is "book-bred," efficient, over-secure in her own wisdom; she has bound herself into too narrow lines, which in spite of love, do not give her scope to handle her union with what she soon sadly finds to be, in Garry, a weak and caddish nature. The contrast and analogy with Susan's story are clear and forceful, though never stressed in over-analysis of words.

Other characterizations are of interest also, notably one of old age (Garry's aunt) and one of youth—two lively adolescents, who are not only useful in furthering the plot but are themselves delightful portraits and a medium for the author's understanding humor. It is Susan and Joanna, however, and secondarily their two husbands, who stay with us, and over whose youthful friendships and later love affairs and marriages we ponder after the book is closed.

ERRATUM

By an unfortunate editorial error, Ben Ray Redman's review of "The Last of Mr. Norris" in our issue of May 11 contained a description which was applied to the wrong character. The sentence beginning, "He entertains young men at his country villa," as Mr. Redman wrote it, applied to the Baron von Pregnitz; as printed, with an intervening sentence cut out, it applied to Mr. Norris. The reviewer was not responsible for this error.

"read it to be one of the Browns—

With never an overplus word, no slackening of pace, with loving magic power she puts us inside in. We **are** the Browns—Velvet, the pale, scraggy child; 15-year-old Meredith, whose nose bleeds because her canary went small and died; Mrs. Brown, the massive flesh-encumbered woman of few words. We **are** every one of Donald's argumentative retorts."

"read it for its humble magic—

I do not know where you would go in recent fiction to find a family interior more superbly captured, made real; every line of dialogue true, moving, progressive, relevant to plot. Her pages have the clear lightsome freshness and candor of the first day of spring."

Christopher Morley

"NATIONAL VELVET"

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

by Enid Bagnold

and published by Morrow

Don't Let *THAT* Stop You!

WHY let your summer trip delay that subscription you were going to forward to *The Saturday Review?* Maybe you will be able to buy the Review each week where you are going—maybe not—but, if you're planning to be near a post office, and you subscribe, you can be reasonably sure of not missing a single copy. The rate is still $3.50 for one year (52 issues), and with *three weeks' notice of each change of address* we will have your copy of *The Saturday Review* trail you to the ends of the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45th St., New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Ready . . .

THE
London
SCENE
by H. V. MORTON
Author of "In Search of England," "In the Steps of the Master," etc.

Romantic London from Roman times to the present. Spiced with a combination of erudition and humor, which characterizes his other books, Mr. Morton describes the capital's chief buildings, its thoroughfares, old houses, churches, museums, and art galleries. Rich in information, both historical and literary, this volume abounds in those engrossing facts which every traveler wants to know.
Illustrated. $2.50
ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., N. Y.
Publishers of TRAVEL Magazine

★
How and where stands liberty to-day?
LIBERTY TO-DAY
This book is the concise and brilliant answer by one of England's best known philosophical writers—Professor C. E. M. JOAD. More than ever, America needs a book like this to-day. Shrewd, provocative stimulating, challenging!
$1.50
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT
By
ALFRED HARBAGE
First thorough biography of the gifted 17th century playwright. *"Soberly luminous . . . humanly interesting . . . solidly grounded on research."*—NEW YORK TIMES $3.00
University of
Pennsylvania Press: Philadelphia

The New Books

Belles Lettres

AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS. By Donald Culross Peattie. Putnam. 1935. $3.

Mr. Peattie, in a style always quiet and dignified and often charming, here publishes a naturalist's note book with a paragraph, or two, or three, for every day in the year. Some describe "the first frog quaver from the marsh" in early spring, others the adventure of a bee and an orchid. Still others are informal recollections of the great naturalists, Americans and others, Thoreau, Burroughs, Audubon, Gilbert White, Jeffers. Mr. Peattie has a nice touch for the phenomena of nature, but he is a scientist and a philosopher, and many of his daily notes tell of discoveries and processes in competent but untechnical language while others are reflections upon the age-long controversy between those who believe the world is a mechanism and those who think that it is not. This book, however, is primarily literary, no matter how sound its scientific basis, and it should be read for pleasure quite as much as for information. It was written apparently day by day, and it should be read one day or at the most one week at a time. The illustrations by Lynd Ward are appropriate and in tone with the book whose emphasis is upon life rather than upon facts.

Biography

FLYING GIRL. By Elly Beinhorn. Holt. 1935. $3.

Though there have been notable exceptions flyers are in general too inarticulate to carry their readers with them on their admittedly stupendous journeys. So it is with Miss Beinhorn.

Throughout her account of her flights —Berlin to the west coast of Africa, Berlin to Australia (via the Balkans, Persia, India, Singapore, and Java) and her tour of South America—even though the dangerous visit to Mt. Everest and the even more dangerous crossing of the Andes were on her itinerary, the reader simply remains unhappily at home. Of the flying ability and courage of this famous young German there can be no question. She flew these amazing distances, over seas, mountains, jungles, and deserts, alone in a small open-cockpit monoplane. And the charm of the flyer herself is delightfully apparent in the book's brief introduction by Richard Halliburton, whom she chanced to meet as the result of a forced landing in the middle of Persia. It is a real regret that the thrill of Miss Beinhorn's great air journeys and her personal charm should have to be gathered so largely from between the lines of her story.

J. W. A.

SPY. By Bernard Newman. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

This is one of the best so-called "spy-books" we have read in a long time. It has the right number of thrills and the required amount of "inside stuff." If Oppenheim had attempted as fiction what the author of this volume asks us to accept as fact he might have expected applause for his imagination. For what Captain Newman actually reports is the fashion in which he "won the war" by breaking down Ludendorff's nerve. And he undertook this ambitious venture after listening to the words of Captain Liddell Hart who is certainly a solid reality adequately described by Newman who manifestly does know his stuff.

In its broad outlines the story is simple. Captain Newman's mother was a German, he spent much of his time on vacation tramping with his Teutonic cousins, and as a result he knew German and the Germans. When the war came he presently went into intelligence, was hoisted across the firing-lines in an airplane, and blew up an ammunition dump at Lens in advance of a British offensive. Disguised as a German soldier he was detected, convicted, sentenced to be shot,

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SAINT GOES ON *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	"Saint" Simon Templar, modern Robin Hood, dashes through three impossible and wildly exciting adventures.	A slick compound of murder and moonshine, utterly fantastic but guaranteed good entertainment.	Topping
GENERAL BESSERLEY'S PUZZLE BOX *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Retired American Intelligence Dept. officer living at Monte Carlo unravels variety of exciting criminal tangles.	Nine long short-stories. Some good, a few very good, some very thin and pallid.	Hung jury
DEAD MEN LEAVE NO FINGERPRINTS *Whitman Chambers* (Crime Club: $2.)	Coast mansion is scene of 2 killings traced through finger prints to year-old corpse. Stan Lake solves it.	Interesting people, including Garbo-ish film star, crisp dialog, plentiful action, run-of-mill sleuthing.	Zippy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

escaped the firing squad by a sensational flight, was rescued anew by a French girl, who took him into her bed and confronted his pursuers in nude wrath at their intrusion upon a romance.

Back in the British army Newman planned a more ambitious game. His German cousin having been captured, he (Newman) escaped from the British prison, was met by a German submarine—the British Government encouraging the performance—was welcomed in Germany as an escaped hero. Neither his aunt nor his uncle detected the substitution, his cousin's mistress with even better opportunity to discover the deception passed him with flying colors. So he rode with the Kaiser, was adopted by the famous Colonel Nicolai, head of German Secret Service and finally became one of Ludendorff's aides in the closing months of the war and reduced him to tears after the "black day" of August 8.

Maybe it's all true, but for the sake of the story we shall continue to believe that it isn't, for the book reached us at a moment when we desperately needed a thrill untainted by one obtruding fact and we got it. We hope Newman sent Ludendorff a copy for his recent birthday.

F. H. S.

Fiction

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Hermann Broch. Viking. 1935. $2.50.

Thanks to a good deal of dithyrambic writing, "The Unknown Quantity" remains pretty well unknown. In the story of a mathematician and his queer family, and the girl mathematician to whom he makes love by talking mathematics, there is merely an interplay of shadows. There are no real people here. Love is not love, but rather a sort of mystical transfer of mathematics to what in other circumstances might be life. Suicide is a hardly-motivated performance on the part of a shade, too thin, too unconvincing to arouse interest. Religious devotion is a weak and paltry thing, inconsequent and dull.

Nor are the comments of the author on the unreal life that his shadows lead, and on life in general, quite intelligible. He says—to take a passage at random—"And the veiled ambiguity of the past and of the future would lighten a little in the vibrations of the peal rung by loneliness, rung in the heart. Goal of the future, beyond life and yet itself life. Oh, love!"

S. A. N.

THE ELAGHIN AFFAIR and Other Stories. Translated from the Russian of Ivan Bunin by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

There's a vague air of the five-finger-exercise about the new collection of Bunin's tales, of a virtuoso mulling over his instrument and improvising on this and that theme just to keep his hand in. The "touch" is there always, the feeling of authority, although some of the pieces are scarcely more than fragments, and one of the more serious of them, by way of being the artist's own analysis of himself and a sort of confession of faith, isn't a story at all.

Max Beerbohm once wrote an amusing essay on his own inability to write stories. Some chance phrase, such as "and far below, the sea broke lazily on the shingly beach" (we quote from memory) would intrigue his fancy. This, he would feel, would make an ideal last line for his story. He could picture the scene, a little open-air café on a Riviera cliff above the Mediterranean, and quite clearly see his beautiful and melancholy heroine sitting at one of the tables and catch a significant phrase of her conversation. But what had happened, what her suppressed tragedy was all about, stumped him completely—he never got farther than "and far below the sea broke lazily on the shingly beach"!

In these fifteen stories, Bunin seems much of the time to be amusing himself, so to say, by showing how easily and persuasively he can do precisely that which stumped the critic and essayist. Just give me the key, give me a phrase, almost any dozen words suggesting some sort of mood, he seems to say, and straightaway I'll do you a story about it. The story may not have the air of something which "had" to be written, yet it will

Unexpected Treat!

Mazo de la Roche turns back the clock to give you a novel of JALNA and the escapades of the famous Whiteoak clan in the days *before* the first JALNA book was written. The delight of the season!

MAZO DE LA ROCHE'S

YOUNG RENNY

(JALNA-1906)

The scandal that upset Meg's wedding, old Adeline's new teeth, Renny's first affair and the uprooting of cousin Malahide are just a few of the delights in this new JALNA story. An Atlantic Book. $2.50

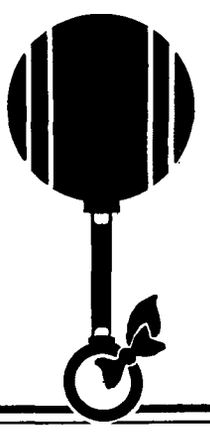
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston

Silken sheets for Francesca, silver spoon and silver rattle for *her* baby; yet other lives, strangers' lives, bleak and tragic, are linked with hers.

A SILVER RATTLE

By Sylvia Thompson

Author of "The Hounds of Spring", "Unfinished Symphony", etc.



A book of brittle contrasts—the story of two worlds which should not cross, but do.

An Atlantic Book. $2.00

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasantly envelop the reader's consciousness, it will have "quality," will convince you at once that you aren't dealing with any mere journeyman scribbler, turning out marketable wares according to formula.

The longish tale which gives the book its title, the literary elaboration of the murder of an actress-mistress by her officer-lover, is quite as "French" as it is "Russian" but for the names. The other longish tale which closes the volume, "Dry Valley," is, on the other hand, the delicate and detailed evocation of a past completely Russian. The shorter pieces in between are in divers moods and settings. The translation is competent for the most part but some of Mr. Guerney's efforts to transliterate colloquial speech into Americanese are not as happy as they might be. It is true, as he states, that we don't want to "lovelify original dialect into lavender scented (and hued) English," but jarring connotations must be avoided, nevertheless.

SATAN WAS A MAN. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.

Mr. Bierstadt is known as one of America's leading amateur criminologists. He is the author of several books on crime. "Satan is a Man" is a short novel, extremely readable, the story of how a frustrated man turned into a murderer. So far as the structure of the book goes and the analysis of the criminal's mental processes, this reviewer found the story satisfactory; and Carroll Lindsey's reveries, wherein he is projected into the lives of historic murderers, introduce an original element of some fascination. One may, however, fairly lodge a judgment against the actual writing of the story which, somehow lacks a distinction of style that it might well have had. And there is a peculiar absence of human appeal in the characters of the tale; there is a certain crudeness in their presentation. This would seem to reside in this writer's unfamiliarity with the art of fiction, since his plot is well-worked out and his material of decided interest. But for all that, the average reader, interested in criminology, will find this a book he can read at a sitting. Of the psychology of the murderer Mr. Bierstadt knows much, and he tells his story swiftly and dramatically. The locale of the story is an old house on Irving Place near Gramercy Park in New York, where the author places a group of the most unpalatable people this reviewer has ever met with.

L. C. H.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 59)

LEWIS CARROLL—
"THE PIG TALE"

You may be faint from many a fall,
And bruised by many a bump:
But if you persevere through all,
And practice first on something small,
Concluding with a ten-foot wall,
You'll find that you can jump.

History

SCOTLAND. By Sir Robert Rait and George S. Pryde. Scribners. 1934. $5.

This book, like its predecessors in the Modern World Series, edited by the Right Honorable H. A. L. Fisher, is an admirably condensed and readable survey. Its exposition of the various forces and traditions which have been vital to the development of Scotland in the past is clear, rapid, and authoritative, and its analysis of the state of the nation today is richly informative and, for the most part, instructively convincing.

Sir Robert Rait is responsible for the opening chapters which deal with the background of events from the Roman conquest to the Union of the Kingdoms, and it ought not to derogate from the excellence of Dr. Pryde's contribution to say that these chapters are the most invigorating in the book. They constitute the best short narrative of Scottish history to be found anywhere. Their author, with an unrivalled store of antiquarian knowledge and a fine sense of values, has known exactly how to give the right proportions and emphasis to everything he has to say. The result is a brief but remarkably illuminating summary of the basic movements in Scottish life. Dr. Pryde carries on with the history from the Union to the present time, and devotes chapters to a consideration of the state of politics, religion, government, social and economic conditions, and general culture, as they exist in the nation today. So long as he has facts of a statistical nature to deal with, he is a just expositor. When he comments on the art and literature of Scotland, he is less happy and far less interesting. But his explanations of the social and political forces at work in the state are models of lucid thinking and deft presentation, somewhat prejudiced in favor of a "Socialist Scotland in a Socialist Britain," but by no means unfair to or unappreciative of the ideals and accomplishments of the adherents to Scottish nationalism.

C. D. A.

International

UNDERSTAND THE CHINESE. By William Martin. Harpers. 1935. $2.50.

Geneva is an excellent Olympus from which an observer may look upon the grovelling nations. After a residence of ten years on that citadel of documents and diplomats, William Martin, an editor, an ardent liberal, and a noted internationalist, went to China exceptionally well prepared to make observations. These have been published in "Understand the Chinese," a kindly and astute analysis of their personal and national characteristics.

Briefly, Mr. Martin believes that the Chinese want from us only our material things; that the present government is trying to achieve "unity through reconstruction"; that China needs the League and the League, for the sake of international equilibrium, needs China, and that in making Chinese chaos an excuse for her aggressions in Manchuria and elsewhere, Japan is guilty of subterfuge. The truth is, he believes, that Japanese aggression took place at the precise moment when it appeared that China, with the aid of the League, was on the point of ending chaos. Hence, he concludes, the explanation of Japan's invasion of Manchuria in September, 1931, "lay not in the existence of chaos, but in the prospect that it might be approaching its end."

V. D.

Miscellaneous

SEA LANES: The Story of Man's Conquest of the Oceans. By Martin D. Stevers and Captain Jonas Pendlebury. Minton, Balch. 1935. $3.75.

A companion volume to Mr. Stevers's popular "Steel Trails," wherein is unfolded the epic of transportation by rail, "Sea Lanes" is a similar splendid work of exposition. Unique in scope and method among books of the sea, it carries between its covers the whole vast story of the evolution of deep-water transportation through the centuries of man's struggle to master the oceans.

The skill with which Mr. Stevers and Captain Pendlebury have done their job makes this survey of all seafaring a revelation in the art of imparting knowledge without recourse to technical language; for these authors combine the feel of the sea with the history of it, taking the reader, who may be new to salt water and all the ways of it, actually aboard ship and letting him learn by watching mariners at their business. They are amazingly successful in making available through the printed page so vivid a "salt schooling" that the green hand who signs on with them will leave their considerate command, after travelling among the vessels and seamen of every age, with enough vivid salt water information in his head

At Last! The Muse Leads Him To Bring Forth a New Book

CLARENCE DAY'S
Mad Mixture of Pictures and Verses
SCENES FROM THE MESOZOIC
$2.50 YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS New Haven, Conn.

SOMEWHERE in the *Personals* this week there is an advertisement with a story behind it. It seems that some very enthusiastic people are starting what sounds like an original and entertaining paper. And their enthusiasm is infectious. The letter which accompanied the advertising copy tells us—"Your personal advertisements pull like a tractor in our loose loamy black soil. It isn't gambling to send you the only ten dollars we've got; it is being smart." Good luck to them!

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be able to bandy technicalities with many a veteran of steam and sailing ships.

Throughout their absorbing narrative of the steadily evolving ships, gear, and navigating methods by which man has sailed the seven proverbial seas for the purposes of trade, plunder, exploration, and war, Mr. Stevers and Captain Pendlebury maintain a high level of accuracy—though there is one point which will give the nautical purist pause, and this is their occasionally careless use of the term "clipper." Failing to differentiate between the clipper ship and the less extreme square-rigged windjammer of the modern era, they apply the more romantic title in one or two passages with a hearty abandon more appropriate to the newspapers. This, however, is a solitary lapse from general accuracy in a book which most decidedly does not need to sacrifice correctness for color.

W. D.

Music

SYMPHONIC MASTERPIECES. By Olin Downes. Dial. 1935. $2.75.

This is a book of program notes for the listener at home. It covers the symphonic repertory from Haydn to Tchaikovsky, plus notes on other standard orchestral works from Bach to the symphonic poems of Strauss and Debussy. Mr. Downes writes popularly without "talking down;" he is an experienced critic and lecturer, and presumably knows what the public can take. In four cases he gives them thematic illustrations and analyses. This is a useful book, the principal shortcoming of which is that many frequently heard modern works are not included (for instance, Bruckner and Sibelius are represented by one symphony each.) But this can be remedied by another volume, or by an enlarged edition of the present book.

G. S.

Religion

FAITHS MEN LIVE BY. By John Clark Archer. Nelson. 1934. $3.

As the title of this volume indicates, it is not written from the historical or missionary viewpoint, but from that of psychology. Mr. Archer insists that this is the only approach which will open to one a true understanding of other "Faiths." He writes:

> The adherents of a faith must be its first interpreters. Its origins and values *are what they are to them.* . . . The faithful must explain the acts and symbols of their faith. By such means we understand particular religions.

No author in this strongly charged emotional field has been more successful in allowing "the adherents of a faith" the privilege of interpreting their faith to outsiders. The book was designed for the use of the author's own students at Yale. It represents many years of study, travel, and teaching. For this reason it is adapted to a wider circle of readers than such a scholarly book in this field usually is. It holds a special value for teachers in colleges, universities, and theological seminaries, who have been long in need of a book with sufficient reliable material for a major course.

A. C. W.

Brief Mention

In the "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" series, G. D. Hadzsits has written of *Lucretius and His Influence* (Longmans, Green, $2.25). * * * Two books of importance for scholars of international relations are *The Treaty of St. Germain: A Documentary History* in the Hoover War Library Publications, edited by N. Almond and R. H. Lutz (Stanford University Press, $6), and *Policies and Opinions at Paris,* 1919, by G. Bernard Noble (Macmillan, $3.50). Also of interest is *From Bismarck to Hitler: The Background of Modern German Nationalism,* by Louis L. Snyder (Bayard Press, Williamsport, Pa., $2.50). * * * Another series, "The Contemporary Library of Psychology," adds *Frontiers of Psychology,* by William McDougall (Appleton-Century, $2). * * * Further, let us note the 1935 *Essay Annual,* by Erich A. Walter (Scott, Foresman), which includes several essays from the past year's *Saturday Review.* * * * Also there are the *Lectures in America* by Gertrude Stein (Random House, $2.50) part of one of which was published in this *Review.* * * * From Sheed and Ward comes Theodor Haecker's *Virgil, Father of the West,* an essay on Virgil as a custodian of civilization ($1). * * * Another volume of essays is E. V. Lucas's *Pleasure Trove* (Lippincott, $1.50).

THE PULITZER PRIZE for POETRY

Audrey Wurdemann

The highest honor in the world of American poetry has been given to this distinguished collection of verse by the youngest poet ever to receive the prize. A few first editions are now available at bookstores. Place your order today. $2.50

BRIGHT AMBUSH

"When a young poet can write with such command there is little to be feared for her future." —*William Rose Benet*

"A splendid book whether as first poems or last poems." —*Frank Ernest Hill*

"She is a very expert craftsman who knows how to evoke a mood." —*Forum*

a JOHN DAY *book* • *Reynal & Hitchcock* • *New York*

WINNER OF THE

PULITZER PRIZE

for the Year's Best History

CHARLES McLEAN ANDREWS'

The Colonial Period of American History

The Settlements

The definitive work of the Dean of American Colonial historians. A vigorous, dramatic volume that gives to the Colonial period of our history a new aspect and a new perspective. 555 pages. $4.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS New Haven, Conn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

More and Carroll

UTOPIA. Written in Latin by Sir Thomas More and done into English by Ralph Robyson. New York: The Limited Editions Club. 1934.

YEARS ago, at the Riverside Press, Mr. Rogers learned to adapt the style of printing of by-gone days to the exigencies of the present, and in spite of occasional stiffness, no such gallery of modern work has been offered by anyone else since. In his more recent work Mr. Rogers has sometimes shown a mastery of old forms which is the admiration of his contemporaries as well as their despair. This recent issue of More's "Utopia" is a case in point. It is seventeenth century printing observed, analyzed, refined, and adapted to modern requirements, resulting in a book which has flavor but not archaism, which is decorative without ornamentation, and readable without crudeness.

The volume is set in Janson type—a seventeenth century survival recently cut for the linotype—printed on a French paper mellow in tone and texture, and bound in paper boards with vellum back, the side paper being hand painted by Frederic Warde. There are several wood engravings from early Latin editions of "Utopia," well matching the color of the pages of type. The title-page is a fine example of seventeenth century typography —or rather is a refined specimen of that period, done by a modern master. The book is a great credit to both Mr. Rogers and the Limited Editions Club.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE. By Lewis Carroll. New York: The Limited Editions Club. 1935.

In 1932 the Limited Editions Club issued an edition of "Alice in Wonderland" which was notable for its fidelity to the memory of Carroll and Tenniel: the illustrations were recut on wood by a German engraver, and the printing was meticulously fine. Now the companion volume has come from the same source, and it is also notable for much the same reason.

Tenniel's pictures have always been as necessary to the text as the text to the book: those who have seen Marie Laurencin's "Alice" pictures will realize how impossible it is for anyone, even after three-quarters of a century, to supplant Tenniel as illustrator for Carroll's books. Hence in any reprint, the *sine qua non* is Tenniel. But if Carroll was dissatisfied with the way they were printed in the first edition, what can one like about their appearance after the plates have been battered by successive printings? In order to restore Tenniel's drawings to something like their original delicacy, the pictures in this edition of "Through the Looking-Glass" have been recently reproduced from clean proofs of the original wood-blocks, and then touched up with the graver by Mr. Frederic Warde. The result is substantially what could be got from the blocks themselves.

The text of the book has been set in Caslon type, while the binding is in blue leather, with an intricate and handsome all-over design in gold, made up of printer's flowers. The paper is good in quality and adapted to the reproductions, its only fault being a none too agreeable white color.

The present volume is about as skilful a bit of reconstruction as is possible. The spirit and feeling of the Carroll classic is very successfully maintained through an obvious sympathy between Mr. Warde and his subject. Lewis Carroll's books are instances where one just cannot "go modern" at all: it is therefore fortunate that the manufacture of this book was placed in such thoroughly competent hands.

The greater part of this edition is autographed by the Alice of the story—Mrs. Hargreaves—and it is fortunate that both of the Alice books in the Limited Editions Club's new editions were produced in her life-time, and bear her signature. Neither is very likely to have again so complete and satisfying a format.

Correction

In respect to the note about the new Oxford Folio Bible, a statement was made in these columns (April 13) that forty copies of the new book were allocated to the American market. I should have said that Mr. Rogers received forty copies for sale to his friends and particular followers, and that eighty more copies are being distributed by the Oxford University Press, New York. It is an expensive book, but a good one: it will be reviewed later in this column.

Miscellany

The Daniel Oliver Associates of Dartmouth College have issued "Three Poems," by Robert Frost, as a pamphlet printed by the Associates on their own press at Hanover. There are 125 copies, none for sale. The three poems, hitherto unpublished, are: "The Quest of the Orchis," "Warning," and "Cæsar's Lost Transport Ships."

"To Virgil on his Twentieth Centenary," by Henry Woods. S.J., has been printed by the Grabhorn Press for Charles R. Boden Esq. 200 copies have been printed. It is a simple pamphlet, with stiff, blue, paper covers, printed in a suitable type face, and as satisfactory as Grabhorn books can be.

"Recollections of the Grabhorn Press," by Gregg Anderson, has been printed by the Meriden Gravure Co., Meriden, Conn., in an edition of 70 copies, as a tall octavo, paper board bound. It contains a collotype reproduction of a photograph of the Grabhorn brothers, and two small pieces of printing from their press. As an intimate and sympathetic account of a modern printing concern I know of nothing so entertaining. Mr. Anderson worked for some time with the Grabhorns, and writes freely and entertainingly about them. It is invaluable as contemporary history, and the format of the book is excellent—reminiscent of the Grabhorn manner.

"The Anatomy of Lettering," by Warren Chappell, comes from the firm of Loring & Mussey ($2). It is a small quarto, charmingly arranged and composed by Mr. Rushmore at his Golden Hind Press. The type is "Weiss Roman"—not an especially handsome face, but looking its best on the dull "ash-white" paper.

What especially commends this book to attention is the extreme simplicity and succinctness of its text, as well as the good taste shown in the letter forms selected for exemplification. Good, practical information on the "Tools of Lettering, their care and use," is followed by the anatomy of the fundamental forms of letters. The final portion of the book is devoted to a showing of a half-dozen very fine alphabets, effectively shown in reverse. On the whole this is the best treatise on lettering which I know of.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
DEATH SENTENCE *Alice Duer Miller* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	Worldly papa of motherless beaut influences daughter toward dough-heavy youngster and remedies error dramatically.	First rate
THE MARK OF CAIN *Harriet Comstock* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Time-killer	He thought she'd murdered her first husband, but he married her anyway.	Romance
THUNDER MOUNTAIN *Zane Grey* (Harpers: $2.)	Western	Perhaps taking his framework from the story of the Comstock Lode discovery, Grey has woven his best in a long time.	Good
BOARDING HOUSE *Peter Delius* (Lippincott: $2.)	Novel	Quietly appealing romance in which not so young gal, a born and trained hostess, adventures with her own business in London.	Odd

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE earliest known picture (about 1795) of an American bookstore is the trade card of Ebenezer Larkin who sold "Books & Stationary" at 50 Cornhill, Boston. This we learn from our colleague John T. Winterich's *Early American Books & Printing* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). ☞Primitive Americana do not happen to be within our own scope, but we fell with great applause upon Mr. Winterich's final chapter in which he talks (with sense and wit) about collecting in general. He speaks of the innumerable hobbies and specialties of the paramours of print; and delights our heart by remarking on the little New York Times pamphlet *Lindbergh's Own Story of His New York-Paris Flight* as "a veritable Columbus letter of aerial navigation." ☞We also, in May 1927, took care to get and save a copy. It was printed by Clarence S. Nathan, Inc., 424 West 33rd Street, New York; it would be interesting to know if Mr. Nathan still has any copies.

☞There's an old Knox Twenty (a felt hat) under which lots of meditating has been done, no longer seemly for public

ROCKFORD COLLEGE BOOKSHOP

wear but it will make a grand case for a collection of skull-sparks. ☞The rarest edition of Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp* exists only in 4 copies cased in the leather of an ancient briefcase. ☞The big Collector's Item in the case of Alexander Woollcott would be, presumably, his first book, about Mrs. Fiske, with the author's name misspelled on the title page. ☞A pleasant little shelf of oddities could be gathered, books in which the publishers have misspelled the author's name. ☞Doubleday did it once to Francis Bellamy, even changing his sex: they printed him as *Frances*. ☞A collector need never apologize to anyone: if his hobby amuses himself that's all that's necessary. ☞Returning again to Mr. Winterich, he speaks interestingly of the flock of military histories issued by various A.E.F. outfits in France and Germany after the armistice. "If only the Mainz instead of the Coblenz bridgehead had been assigned to the Third American Army, a memorable cluster of A.E.F. unit histories would have been handed down to posterity with the imprint of the home town of Master Gutenberg himself." ☞How pleasant it is, and how rare, to meet a really learned bibliographer who can also write English with grace and charm. ☞One specialty we have sometimes thought of Collecting is poems whose titles are longer than the poems themselves. We can only think of one, offhand: a pretty verse in Charles Dalmon's *A Poor Man's Riches* where the title is 9 words long, the poem only 8.

☞Of many friendly comments on this Review's new clothes, the one that most pleased Quercus was from Mr. Eddie Ziegler, admiringly known from here to Minneapolis as the Best Dressed Traveler East of the Rockies. (West of the Rockies there are no competitors: that douce Pacific air causes a slump in all austerities). ☞Mr. Ziegler wrote: "It's grand to be able to fold the paper and put it in one's pocket without worrying about getting the coat out of press." ☞The Spanish American countries exert an ever-increasing allure to our vacationists. Mr. Philip Hodge of Farrar & Rinehart is just back from a trip to Honduras. ☞Miss Dodd at the Hampshire Bookshop (Northampton, Mass.) is active as usual: she has just celebrated the formal opening of her Oxford Corner, devoted entirely to publications of the Oxford University Press. When visited by Old Q. recently Miss Dodd and Miss Hoffman were just off to spend two days at Phillips Exeter School to sell books to the boys. ☞We were grieved to read of the death of Jessie Willcox Smith of Philadelphia, whose illustrated editions of child classics were well known in the trade. We always thought her pictures for *A Child's Garden of Verses* particularly delightful. ☞Jerome Meyer, the nimble editor of Heyday House (Doubleday's department of game-books) held a frolic at Wanamaker's N. Y. store on May 15. Heyday House authors did stunts and Mr. Harry Hershfield was whipper-in. ☞The realization that an attractive browsing bookshop is an integral feature of college amenity continues to spread most pleasantly. Miss Lesley Frost, in charge of Maddox House, the reading-room-bookshop at Rockford College, Illinois, sends us a photo of her quarters—and an undergraduate enjoying them.

☞R. R. Donnelley & Sons, the big printers of Chicago, have been holding an exhibit of Schoolbooks of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, of many different nations. They believe that the foreign textbook publishers, "free from many of our inhibitions," are far ahead of the U. S.

☞We asked Fred Melcher about that anecdote in George H. Doran's *Chronicles of Barabbas* in which Doran credits Fred —then a salesman at Lauriat's—with having started the sale of *The Old Wives' Tale*. Fred says that he had previously read only one book of Arnold Bennett's, *Buried Alive*; that it was Billy Corrigan, later to become Doran's veteran salesman, who got him steamed up over *The Old Wives' Tale*. Fred also remembers that the first importation of the book carried the imprint "Hodder & Stoughton, New York" on the title page—he supposes G. H. D. was afraid that his own imprint on fiction might make a bad impression on the authors of his religious books.

☞The photographs of Josephine Johnson which we ran last week were taken by Bernard De Voto at the 1934 Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Middlebury, Vermont. We were lucky to have them, when the news was telephoned in at nine o'clock on press night that Miss Johnson had won the Pulitzer Prize for her novel, "Now in November." ☞The Pulitzer award thus comes as a timely boost to Bread Loaf, which has just announced its 1935 Writers' Conference, to be held at Middlebury from August 15th to 29th.

"Graphic truth that may well rank with Conrad's Classics"

says DR. LEE DeFOREST

SOS TO THE RESCUE

By KARL BAARSLAG

"In unvarnished, unbiased delineation," continues Dr. DeForest, "are exposed bravery, devotion to duty, craven acts, life-gambling, cupidity of ship-owners, the madness of panic-stricken passengers. The book concerns itself wholly with facts, with stark truth more gripping than fiction."

LINCOLN COLCORD in a full page review in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, says, "'SOS TO THE RESCUE' is the sea book we have all been waiting for. A more dramatic recital could hardly be imagined; the author has a fine narrative sense and tells a thrilling story, and the new angle of treatment lends a really tremendous power to the old stories of emergency, error and heroism. He has run afoul of a profound and creative idea, and in this book has placed himself out ahead of the slow development of public opinion."

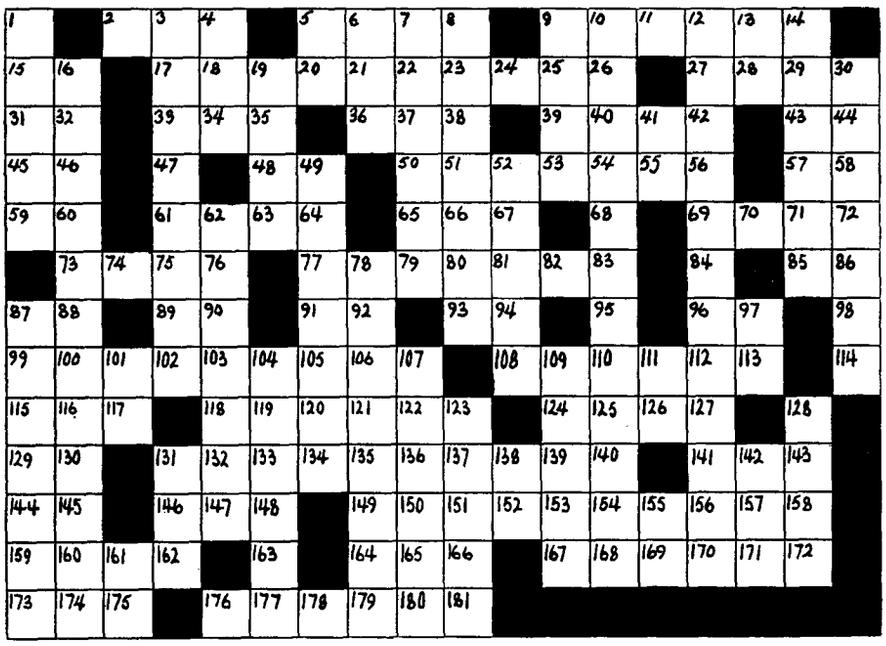
Unusual illustrations from photographs. $2.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 60

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. Composer of "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk."

II. Official language of Abyssinia.

III. Treacherous dwarf in "Siegfried."

IV. Operetta by Noel Coward.

V. Accord, singleness.

VI. A Dickens character (2 words).

VII. Bird of the family Alaudidæ.

VIII. Tendency to stoutness.

IX. Prolix and rambling talk.

X. Character in American fiction (2 words).

XI. To snub (slang, compound).

XII. To preserve from decay.

XIII. Character in a novel by Carl Van Vechten.

XIV. Perfume from flowers.

XV. A country bumpkin.

XVI. A hearing of legal cases.

XVII. One destroyed by his own creations.

XVIII. Indo-European speech.

XIX. Tediously lengthy in speaking (comp).

XX. Gracefully, nimble, pliant.

XXI. Causing cold, chilling.

XXII. Foaming with suds.

XXIII. Awe-inspiring, uncanny.

XXIV. Second-year man.

XXV. Vigorous, abundant, cordial

WORDS

110 147 71 29 43 75 87 170 5 84 36 154 58

126 162 174 38 92 47 149

22 10 130 156

15 128 146 166 88 67 60 77 117 172 101

119 25 1 80 137

57 52 23 4 76 163 97

31 178 51 11

6 2 61 115 70 98 132 138 93 173

152 105 140 49 96 120 66 112 175

46 99 27 118 141 72 8 111 171

125 54 107 44 74 33 90

79 108 167 136 35 114

50 81 86 65 113 34 168

45 73 124 129 116

143 62 69 30 122

18 109 148 157

32 133 3 139 64 180 106 164 155 16 89 55

153 7 14 48 19

85 94 142 26 159 59 127 179 82 20

9 40 53 160 121

145 83 24 56 63 135 95 169 68 17

13 103 134 150 42 102 28

177 165 100 123

158 144 131 37 91 41 161 176 21

78 12 151 181 39 104

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 26 of this issue.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines.) All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

FOR SALE—In the hills. Century-old completely converted barn, five bedrooms, modern bathrooms, G. E. oil furnace, separate studio, heated garage. Enquire Mrs. Arthur Titus, Washington, Conn.

ARE YOU lonely or blue? Join The Star Friendship Exchange, Box 1329, Roanoke, Va. Send stamp for particulars.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM: Coley B. Taylor, Editor, Gotham House, Inc., contributor to The Bookman, The Survey, Books, The World Tomorrow, Theatre Guild Quarterly, etc., will criticize novels and book-length non-fiction. Terms on request. Coley B. Taylor, 160 Claremont Ave., New York.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434 Spokane, Washington.

FIVE ROOM furnished apartment, 4 facing front, Columbia section. Half June, July, August. $80. Box 406-A.

DESIRE intellectual contacts? Enclose stamp. Box 113, Davenport, Iowa.

LITERARY RESEARCH. Information found on all subjects. Box 379-A.

RETIRED COLLEGE TEACHER, with interesting old farmhouse in lovely country, would like two boarders, preferably for all summer. Season, June 1-October 15. Electric lights, two bathrooms, comfortable beds, vegetable garden, good cooking. Rates $15 and $20 a week. Box 70, R. F. D. Conway, Mass.

FOR NEW YORKERS! Going Abroad? Cut travel expenses in half. Petrie, 1107 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FOR SALE on Plymouth bay, 1 mile from town, steam-heated house, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2-car garage, complete house-keeping guest-house on shore. All in perfect condition. Well-kept grounds. Mrs. LeBaron Hathaway, Plymouth, Mass.

ENJOY a quiet summer. Furnished Vermont farmhouse near artist-writers' colony. $50 per month, $100 for season. Grade A milk and other farm products available next farm. Cecil Dodge, Pawlet, Vermont.

I, TOO, crave intellectual companionship. G

TORCH—But, you didn't say where. Lucretia.

DELIGHTFUL furnished house; four bedrooms; conveniences; Berkshires. Adults. Season, $200. Box 376-A.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, thirty, teacher and lecturer of some merit, needs occupation for Summer; will gladly consider anything. Speaks excellent English, drives well, bridge expert; not without social charm, but not afraid of hard work. Box 433-A.

COLLEGE WOMAN, interested in theater, books, music, art and bridge, wishes position as companion. Has traveled abroad, unconducted. Alletha Standish, Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

For Double-Crostic Fans

WE have recently published a book of Double Crostics, conceived by Elizabeth Kingsley.

The book contains Fifty Double Crostics that have never before appeared elsewhere. *It is available at all booksellers or direct from* SIMON & SCHUSTER, INC., *386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Price....$1.35 per copy.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

POCONO WRITERS' GROUP forming. Young writers will work under experienced editorial guidance. Box 435-A.

TRAVEL-BY-PROXY SERVICE. Europe fourteen weeks, August to November, $5. Weekly travel diary. Shopping done abroad. References. Box 436-A.

EXCHANGE OF POSITION Wanted: Trained librarian, 6 years' cataloguing and general library experience in New England, eager for change of scene. What has Far West to offer? Box 437-A.

DOES SOME ARCHITECT want care of small children, invalid mother, garden (experienced in all) in exchange for instruction in three-dimensional design and maintenance. Please state recognition qualifications have received and give references. Student at A-1 college. Free to travel. Box 438-A.

WANTED—ambitious literature lover, good English essential, cooperate on original ideas with much travelled, experienced lady. No money investments, future. Mutual recommendations exchanged. Box 439-A.

YOUNGISH, MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW, Wellesley graduate, Junior League-er, of the "Nouveaux Pauvres," typist and chauffeur, wants position in Fall as social secretary, house head, chaperone or companion. Highest recommendations. Box 440-A.

WANTED: Rescue from stagnating institutional teaching. Anything different. New York preferred. Spinster, 29. Box 441-A.

LADY OF BACKGROUND and education, knowing the need of companionship and understanding—guidance in accomplishing the cure of nervous cases—convalescent or incipient—where nurse is unnecessary but patient unable to progress alone, would take such case. Live in Ohio but am free to go anywhere desired. Box 442-A.

BOY High School graduate wishes outdoor summer occupation, country, athletic. References. Box 443-A.

YOUNG MAN in uncongenial employment desires position in New York. University B.A. graduate, expert bookkeeper, long experience. Box 444-A.

GRADUATE Yale and Cambridge, England, aged 23, highest athletic and academic qualifications, widely travelled, well read, will tutor, secretary or anything, here or Europe, July, August, September. Box 445-A.

BOOKMAN, spiritually akin to Tannhauser, Richard de Bury, and Sandro Botticelli, wishes correspondence with owner of large library. Box 446-A.

EXPERIENCED BOOK WOMAN wants position with books. Will take full charge of shop, organize, or as buyer, or part time. Box 447-A.

YOUNG COUPLE have attractive, spacious apartment. Will rent bedroom, use of adjoining living room, breakfast, laundry included, $45 monthly. Conveniently situated near Columbia University, 3 minutes from Broadway subway. References exchanged. Box 448-A or CAthedral 8-3182.

YOUNG MAN, painter, share charming studio in colony with friend of understanding. Box 449-A.

INTELLIGENT young woman will serve as companion-chauffeur to woman or family for vacation trip of any length in exchange for traveling expenses. (from California). Box 450-A.

A TEACHER and her mother will look out for your home while you travel during July and August. Salary unimportant, but pleasant surroundings desired. Box 451-A.

SECRETARY, cultured, capable, experienced, desires work with writer or publishing concern. Part time work acceptable. Box 452-A.

ITALIAN AUTHOR wants to exchange lessons with American author. Box 432-A.

FROM COAST TO COAST on the "rods" . . . forever searching for a sanctuary to rest and write. WANDERER.

TRAINED WRITER would entertain shut-ins with letters while on European vacation. Fourteen letters five dollars. Lisa Smith, Box 147, Madison Square Post Office.

DOES ANYONE want a middle-aged woman, well educated, for old-fashioned cooking and housekeeping? Can make the kind of pudding your mother used to make. Box 454-A.

PERSONALS

MANUSCRIPT TYPING 25c per thousand words. Library research 35c per hour. Amanuensis, 600 West 189th Manhattan.

IS THERE in these United States an unattached man (30 and upwards) who will dare risk a letter-paper friendship with a genuine young woman?—Seeing Is Believing.

ARTIST, young, pleasant, hungry, offers water colors, intimate but not indecorous,, at 50c. H. Vosburgh, 81 Chimayo Road, Rochester, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, Gentile, 41, unencumbered, desires correspondence with congenial, not-too-heavily encumbered man. Likes books, science, nature, walking, conversation, movies, theatre, opera. Tolerates modern dissipations only in homeopathic doses. Capable of entertaining self, but enjoys infants to octogenarians. Sceptic, realist (with lapses into idealism). Thinks she has sense of humor! "P-Q-H."

ARE YOU BORED to death by your moron environment? Send 3c stamp for unique plan of connecting the mentally isolated by correspondence. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean: blueberry pie, new peas, lobster; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

MIGHT THERE BE two unattached males, 30 or thereabouts in New York City, who like ourselves, have been nipped by the irresistible Spring urge to be up and out and doing but lack congenial companionship to share the fun? TOPSY AND EVA.

ANNOUNCING The Puget Sounder, a weekly dedicated to romance and color of life in Puget Sound. Mountains, islands, sea. Salmon, eagles, killer whales. Beaches, agates, virgin forests. Mining, logging, fishing. Real estate. Six months one dollar. First issue May thirtieth. Will widely scattered friends subscribe? Will publishers send occasional choice book for review? June and Farrar Burn, Bellingham, Washington.

SINGLE, thirty, Smith, for northern summer exchange services as tutor, housekeeper, stenographer, governess, or combination. Experience. References. Box 453-A.

HEAD of English, Baltimore girls' school, 27, unmarried, desires congenial summer work. Owns typewriter, motorist's license, violin (ensemble playing), six years' experience, M.A. Columbia, love of books, music, outdoors. English teacher. Box 77, Garrison, P. O., Maryland.

FEEL like fizzed-out soda water? Week-end at Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, New Jersey.

A FRENCH SUMMER RESORT at Virginia Beach, Virginia, for girls, seven to twenty, will interest parents who wish for their daughters a French atmosphere and experience in conversation. Riding, swimming, tennis, golf. No formal study. Beginners accepted. For information address H. W., 814 Harrington Ave., Norfolk, Virginia.

WANTED, CULTURED FRENCH WOMAN to assist in French conversation at a girls' summer resort at Virginia Beach in return for six weeks' vacation. References required. H. W., 814 Harrington Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

COTTAGE on quiet Cape Cod by-road. Haven for artist or idler. Sand-dunes, salt water bathing. Eight rooms. Rent for season, $300. Write Miss Cora Wing, East Sandwich, Mass.

TWO GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES for Christian Nature Lovers. Real Maine Camp, three snug cabins; dining room; kitchen; Belgrade Lakes, 500 foot frontage. Season $200. Comfortable five room bungalow, Verona, fireplace, all improvements, garage, deep lot, year lease, furnished, $45 month, unfurnished, $40. Write or apply Low, 40 Derwent, Verona, N. J.

SPACIOUS BARN APARTMENT, furnished, for rent summer season. Conveniences. Overlooking Thimble Islands, twelve miles from New Haven. Adults only. $200. Fischer, 245 Bradley St., New Haven, Conn.

LITERARY INVALID, 26, down and on his way out, would appreciate surplus books. Box 15, Barryville, New York.

SUBLET SUMMER elevator apartment. Large room, East 73rd Street. Fireplace for rainy days, cool winds always. Dressing-room, bathroom, kitchen with window. Completely furnished. Tennis courts adjacent. Reasonable. But. 8-2274.

SPLENDID commission opportunity for cultured woman to earn handsome income taking orders for knit sportswear. Box 431-A.

CLASSIFIED

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL OFFER! E. E. Cummings: EIMI Pub. by Covici at $3. . . Our Price 74c. Write for free bargain lists. Superior Books, 203 West 49th, N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BOOKS OF REAL MERIT in fine condition —First Editions. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Our moderately priced catalogues on request. ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

NEW CATALOGUE OF MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, HOUSE OF BOOKS, Ltd., 555 Madison Avenue.

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS and others. Request catalogue No. 22. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

BOOKS ON THE THEATRE, Catalogue No. 32 ready. No. 30 MODERN FIRST EDITIONS —No. 31 EXPERIMENTAL LITERATURE. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th, New York.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock. LOWEST PRICES. Mail-CATALOGUE 20c (Stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's LARGEST French Bookshop."

COLORFUL SOVIET POSTERS; all sizes, covering various phases of life in modern Russia. 15c to $1.50. Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS Marketed, criticized, edited, revised; personal help in placement and publication. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. Marketing on commission. No advance charges. 5639 Rippey St., Pittsburgh, Pa. (or 108 W. 85th St., N. Y. C.)

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books reasonably. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

RARE BOOKS

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE." MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Bookshop" in New York.

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New USED. Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology, Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

1935 winner of the

PULITZER PRIZE

"for the best novel published during the year by an American author"

"IF Emily Dickinson had turned to prose she would have written a book like this. It has that indefinable authority, that aura of hidden reserve strength and beauty that strike right to the core of things. It is the most beautiful and moving book I have been fortunate enough to read in years."

from the report of the first reader of the manuscript, CLIFTON FADIMAN

NOW IN NOVEMBER

Now in its 32nd Thousand

$2.00 AT ALL BOOKSTORES · SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC. · NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED